

# ZION'S HERALD.

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## AUTUMN.

From a Sick Room.

BY REV. W. W. MARSH.

Thanks, Maud! these flowers are breathing still  
The odors of the field and hill;  
I gladly take the balm they bear,  
The wine of sunlight, dew and air,  
Content as they bring in to me  
The fair, fresh world I may not see.

Full warmly in this dabbled urn  
The lingering fumes of summer burn;  
But these fair snow-drops, saucily white,  
Bring chilliness from the autumn night;  
These asters, in their purple haze,  
Are steeped in rich October days.

The earth lay white and dumb the day  
They bore me to my couch away;  
And, prisoned in my darkened room,  
I did not see the roses bloom,  
Nor feel the touch of summer air  
A blessing from the woodlands bear.

By these, I know glad eyes have told  
For weeks the sun's green and gold,  
And marked the wood's soft flush with gold,  
Like crimson banners trail and fall;  
And maples round the meadow's rim  
In tender glory brood and swim.

And now, along the hills in turn,  
I know the deepening splendors burn;  
And swells of amber flushed with gold,  
With green and crimson fold on fold,  
Lie warm beneath the opal mist,  
The far peaks touched with amethyst.

And, Maud, I hear across the morn  
The blue jay calling in the corn.  
Oh, in my heart I treat to-day  
Along our old, cool woodland way,  
And hear within the shadows still  
The acorns dropping on the hill.

A hawk sails by on silent wings;  
The far, low wail of partridge wings  
Comes a faint ripple on the air;  
The rustle of leaves everywhere;  
So still, so still from the maple's crown  
I hear the red leaves eddying down.

A gleam of silver far away  
The river lies asleep to-day;  
The single shallop lolling by,  
Seems poised between the wave and sky;  
All hushed is rounded into calm,  
And earth and sky are swathed in balm.

Oh, rare, strange spell! This faint perfume  
Hath brought all autumn to my room;  
So, Maud, I thank thee yet again  
For this remembrance for my pain;  
Like Anselm I have touched the sod,  
And thro' that touch have thrilled with God.  
October 24, 1876.

## PROF. NEWHALL'S REMINISCENCES.

BY REV. E. WENTWORTH, D. D.

Ralph Waldo Emerson addressed the societies in Middletown, at Commencement, in 1837, and neither the "godly fathers of the university," nor any one else was "vexed" with his presence or utterances. It was a marvelous lecture. We are so accustomed to associate eloquence and oratory with wide and varied intonation, startling changes of gesture or voice, that to see a man stand bolt upright, almost motionless, "aphanix-like," and enchain attention by the hour with tones barely audible, was a new revelation. But, oh! the flow of novel ideas, apothegm, wit, sarcasm, the learning, the wisdom, the thought, the allusion to all literature, ancient or modern, the classic beauty, the poetry, the mingling of the infinite with the meanest affairs of everyday life, the exhibition of the capacity of the commonest mind for progress and perfection, who can forget the torrent of awakened thought that flowed through his own mind, that hour, in a channel broad and deep, parallel to that of the thought of the speaker? It was dream, enchantment, a journey on the enchanted steed of Arabian nights, a poem, a breathless watching of the sleep-walking scene in Macbeth as rendered by the tragic Ristori, the church scene in Goethe's Faust, the hallelujah in Beethoven's Mount of Olives.

We sat, open-mouthed, for an hour, and I do not remember that the lecturer uttered "Mark Twain," or raised any mirth-unseemly for a Methodist meeting-house in any part of his talk. It was

over, at last, and we were called back from our hazy hallucination, by the playing of the brass band in the gallery. "What was it all about? What has he been talking about?" inquired my friend and classmate, E. E. Wiley, now president of Emory and Henry College. "I don't know," I replied. "One might as well undertake to catch the echoes of those trumpets and drums as to try to recall to coherence and form and set topic such a brilliant, meteoric outburst."

I met Emerson at the president's levee that evening, and got ten minutes' conversation with him. He was utterly frank, unaffected, communicative, but entirely beyond my depth in any topic we touched upon. I spoke of his fame as a poet. "I have never regarded myself as a poet," he said. "I am read only by the patient suffering of the public and the overestimating kindness of friends." The inborn, native gentleness of Emerson toward a green graduate was in marked contrast with the bluff reserve manifested by James toward both Newhall and myself in the days of our initiative. Bishop James could not understand the sage of Concord.

## THE SABBATH IN MEXICO.

BY REV. E. F. CRAVER.

The "Waterloo fight and Waterloo victory upon the question of the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, in Philadelphia," have not been confined, in the interest awakened, to the United States alone. Inasmuch as America, the young and vigorous nation, is at this moment attracting the earnest gaze and thoughtful study of the whole world, this battle between the lovers and haters of a holy Sabbath has had a world-wide significance. America is in greater or less degree moulding the public sentiment of every nation in Christendom, perhaps unconsciously to them, but yet truly; while some of the countries heretofore relegated to heat-dormancy are fast adopting her institutions and customs. With Japan, the latest of Oriental nations opened to Western thought and influence, just adopting the Christian Sabbath as its national rest day, what a shame it would have been for the United States in her Centennial Exposition of material, moral and spiritual advancement, to have desecrated this God-given day! Victor Hugo may scoff at the "Puritanical fanaticism," but so long as the religion, the morals, the prosperity, of the "land of Washington" present such a striking and favorable contrast with those of the "land of Voltaire," America can well afford to walk in the old paths marked out by God himself, and trodden so faithfully by the revered fathers of our country.

Some of the correspondents of the Mexican press have chosen to characterize the action of the Centennial Commission as a "Puritanical whim," and have ridiculed the strict observance of the Sabbath in the United States. But who sees the desecration of the Lord's day in Mexico feel that the triumph of the Church in our own land in this struggle must go far toward aiding the final liberation of this country from the dominion of superstition on the one hand, and open and shameless violation of every commandment of the Decalogue on the other. As our ears were stunned with the noise and clamor, and our eyes pained with beholding the unnatural and unwonted sights of a Mexican Sunday, we trembled and wrestled in prayer, lest, in an evil hour, our national day of rest and quiet worship should be destroyed, or rather its sanctity invaded to please a godless minority. It

has not surprised us to find the Catholic press arrayed on the side of Sunday desecration, since the Church in this country gives its sanction to the most shameless abuse of this day.

Let me attempt a description of an ordinary Sunday in this city. At four and a half o'clock in the morning the bells begin their hideous clanging, which calls the devout worshippers to mass. This ringing and clanging continues at intervals until twelve (at about nine being terrific), but having little similarity to the sound of the church-going bells at home. The mass is celebrated early to accommodate those who spend the day in trade. At five o'clock the markets begin to be scenes of noise and activity, as the vendors arrive and commence to spread out their vegetables, fruits, and other articles for sale. By seven the stores and shops are all open, the streets swarming with eager sellers and buyers of every sort of goods, and the activity of the day has well opened. The principal streets are lined with stands for the sale of fruits, vegetables, boots and shoes, furniture, dry goods, birds and bird-cages, toys, kitchen utensils, and, in short, almost every conceivable article of merchandise; all this in addition to the regular markets and stores. The whole city appears to have become a business mart for the day, and all the inhabitants, traders, can pass with difficulty, and the air is filled with the shrill hawking and bickering of the vendors of goods, each apparently vying with his neighbor in shrillness and loudness of voice. On every hand are seen well-dressed women, accompanied by a servant with a large basket on his back, laying in a supply of fruit, vegetables, butter, chickens, etc., for the coming week. Here goes a man with a dozen turkeys and chickens strung over his shoulder, which add their cries to the babel of voices. Here is another with a pole on which are perched a half dozen parrots, which ever and anon send forth their melodious scream. There goes a man, or perchance a woman, with two or three pigs held in check by a string tied to the hind legs. In fact, everything that the country produces, or merchants have imported, is on sale to-day, although many things can be bought no other day.

Here is the house of a man of wealth, lately deceased. His household goods and furniture are being sold at auction, and auctions always occur on Sunday because it is the day of traffic above all others! On this day the miners and laborers from the reduction works are all at liberty, and come into town for traffic and drink. Of the latter there is even more than of the former, for grogshops abound with liquors of every class. Wine and mead (a wretched whiskey) flow freely, and before night the inmates of the common prison have been largely re-enforced, while not a few have been taken to the hospital to have their wounds dressed.

In the midst of all this busy, bustling scene the services of the churches are proceeding, the worshippers coming and going. Some, having made their purchases before, carry their well-filled baskets with them into the church; others, choosing to pray first, finish their devotions, and then slip out of the church into some booth erected at its very steps, and commence to buy. The vendors appear to see how near to the church doors they can erect their stands, so as to catch the people as they come for worship. Here is one church with a grogshop in a room pertaining to the temple itself, and just beside the door; perhaps for sacramental purposes. But, hark! what sound is that rising above the din of voices, braying of asses, and rush of business? We listen, and discover that it is a band of music mingled with the shouting of a man. It comes nearer, and we see a motley procession. At its head a clown-dressed man, with stentorian voice, announces a bull-fight for the afternoon, with whatever special attractions it may chance to have. Behind him is borne a light frame high in the air, displaying the bars and other instruments of torture, designed to enrage the savage animals, all decked out in variegated paper to serve as an ornament as well as a torture to the unfortunate beasts. Then follow the gaily-dressed men who are to engage in deadly conflict with the brutes, scarcely less brutal than themselves. Behind these comes the band, followed by a noisy, shouting rabble. Thus they go through all the principal streets about midday, announcing the choice entertainment of the afternoon.

At four o'clock, the services of the churches generally being concluded, and the greater part of the trade being over, there is time for recreation, and the bull-fight takes place in a large amphitheatre prepared for the purpose. I will not attempt a description of this Spanish institution, as I have never attended one, and they have been well delineated hundreds of times. Suffice it to say that the function draws enormous

crowds who apparently are delighted with the bloody scene. In some parts of Mexico the bull-fight is a prohibited amusement, but here it is still continued, though not so popular as in former times. May God speed the day when such a cruel diversion shall live only in history! The Sunday, so noisy and full of business and diversion, closes with an open air concert by the military band, in one of the public gardens. This is, indeed, very fine in the quality of music rendered, and is by far the most pleasing performance of the whole day. Theodore Thomas could find good recruits for his orchestral troupe among the musicians of this city.

Such is an imperfect outline of the ordinary Sunday in one of Mexico's best cities. The American who has witnessed such scenes is ready to say from the depths of his heart, "Let French infidels, German rationalists and American free-thinkers scoff and ridicule the 'Puritanical superstition,' but God save our land from any step that shall tend to secularize and degrade its holy Sabbaths!"

Guanajuato, Sept. 1876.

## MONTENEGRO.

BY REV. J. E. C. SAWYER.

Recent events have made the name of this little mountain State familiar throughout the civilized world, and yet there are comparatively few who are aware how gallantly and indomitably it has for many centuries maintained a continuous struggle against the Turk. Alone of all the provinces of the once great, though short-lived, Serbian empire, Montenegro has ever maintained her rocky ramparts have rolled back Moslem invasions, and against fearful odds her brave people have maintained their independence. At times their enemies have overrun the country, and more than once its humble capital has been reduced to ruins, but the invaders have always been speedily expelled. Momentary disasters have had no other effect on this peasant people than to increase the enthusiasm of their resistance, and every reverse has been speedily and effectually avenged. They have invariably proved unconquerable. During the present season we have often read of important Turkish successes in their battles with the Servians, but they have been unable to make any headway against the heroic Montenegrins.

The rocky territory of this mountain principality bears a population of a quarter of a million. A petty State, indeed, if the number of the population be the criterion of greatness. But there are countries numbering their millions that are not of so much consequence as Montenegro. For many centuries it has been an influential factor in European politics. The people are not wealthy, they are only peasants, but every man is a land-owner, and knows how to defend his home. The sentiments which Wordsworth, in one of his sonnets, ascribes to the Tyrolese, are none too lofty to express the invincible patriotism of these Eastern mountaineers:

"The land we from our fathers had in trust,  
And to our children will transmit, or die—  
This is our maxim, this our plea,  
And God and Nature say that it is just.  
That which we would perform in arms, we must!"

We read the dictate in the infant's eye,  
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky,  
And at our feet, amid the silent dust  
Of them that were before us."

Every man is a warrior accustomed from boyhood to the use of weapons, and when they fight they know the reason why. The women are comparatively ignorant, and like those of many another European State, are inclined to hard labor in the open air. The rights of person and property are strictly respected. Travelers are treated with courteous consideration and open-handed hospitality. A rigid code of morality prevails, and breaches of decorum are severely punished.

In the matter of education, especially female education, great progress has of late been made. Cottages, the little capital, has its model girls' school, to which pupils come from far and near, to receive advanced instruction according to the best of modern methods. A fair degree of education has long been well-nigh universal among those of the other sex. One of the first printing-presses in Europe was set up by a Montenegrin noble, who printed on the Bible and various devotional works. Similar as it is in many respects to the sturdy little Swiss republics, Montenegro has a very different form of government. The reigning prince is an autocrat, though immensely popular throughout his dominions. On occasions of ceremony he is surrounded by a brilliant body-guard, but his palace is only a modest dwelling, and he is always accessible to his subjects. He is known to them all, and so his own ear they address their complaints if they have received real or imaginary wrong. Sitting underneath a large

tree in the open air he hears the statements of disputants, and decides between them. Nicholas, the present prince, is an accomplished scholar, speaking French with fluency. He has a pretty wife and a fine family of seven children—a son and six daughters. For some three hundred years Montenegro was governed by its bishop, who was called the Vladika. It is within the present century that the rule of lay princes has been restored. The long line of Vladikas, though bishops, were excellent fighters, leading their valiant little armies in person.

There is a senate, its sixteen members being selected by the prince. This body holds its meetings in a very plain apartment in one wing of the old palace, a large monastery-like structure erected by the last of the Vladikas. An English periodical states that during the reign of Danilo, the uncle of the present prince, the senate-chamber was still humbler: "The senate met in a long, low, thatched building, scarcely better than a barn, divided into two compartments, in one of which the mules and donkeys of senators coming from a distance were stabled, while the other was reserved for the deliberations of this august body. The apartment was bare, with the exception of a strip of carpeting, a long stone bench grouped around the walls, and some chairs, in winter, a huge fire was kept blazing. Here the senators, after divesting themselves of their heavier arms, but invariably with their long pistols and poniards stuck in their belts, would take their seats, all of them smoking during the discussions and while the official documents were being read by the secretary of the prince. Whenever the latter was present, he mingled freely with the senators, sitting among them on the same stone bench, but raised up a trifle on a small cushion."

Montenegro suffers for lack of access to the coast. It is one of the possibilities to be hoped for in the final adjustment of the present difficulties, that Turkey will be compelled to yield her port on the Adriatic. This brave, frank, hospitable, progressive little State has a right to the sympathies of all Christendom. Her rocky walls and lion-brave men stayed the tide of Moslem invasion from Central Europe five hundred years ago. Alone this handful of people have since maintained themselves against the millions of Turkey. Sometimes, indeed, they have had great powers, Venice formerly, more recently Russia, as allies; but generally they have fought single-handed. Christian refugees, driven by oppression and cruelty from their own homes, have found in Montenegro a warm welcome, a safe asylum, and valiant defenders. That their warfare was formerly cruel, and some of their revenge barbarous, must be admitted; but it cannot be wondered at when we consider the treacherous and inhuman character of their foes and their superior numbers. But civilization has made great progress among these hardy freemen within the last quarter of a century, and barbarities in warfare have disappeared as internal improvements have been multiplied.

## JESUITICAL AGITATIONS.

BY PROF. WILLIAM WELLS, LL. D.

Among the various agitations set on foot to incite one class against another with the venal object of stirring up discord, we know of none just now more active or more bold, let them be found where they may, than those that are nourished by the entire tribe of Jesuits. Many of these are cultivated and skillful men, with polite demeanor and flowing speech, who seem, indeed, to have stolen the livery of heaven with which to cloak evil deeds.

And they are boldly ready to seek every opportunity to excite the public mind and call attention to themselves. Among the Centennial orations, we notice those openly delivered by the members of the Society of Jesus with a view to show to the Catholic people of this country that this is just the land for the growth and propagation of Catholicism; and that this latter is so well adapted to a republic, and specifically to ours, that in the course of time that religion is likely to swallow up all others in this country, and leave the United States the sole religious heritage of the Holy Father. Nonsensical as is this baldness, it is none the less true that it is delivered in our midst to the most intelligent audiences that Catholic influence can bring together, and received in such good faith as to be transferred by them to their priests, and thus in substance, at least, to the public journals of the country generally.

This, according to accounts, was the gist of Father Weniger's speech in a neighboring city, and we believe something of the same sort was the burden of some Jesuit proceedings in Washington on that same day. And in this latter city it is now notorious that strenuous and systematic efforts are being made to enlist the colored population in

the cause of Catholicism. A Jesuit college is there established for the blacks with the avowed intent of making a school for the propagation of this creed among the negroes of the Southern States.

Now, with so much openly acknowledged work in this line, we may be assured that a great deal has already been done secretly with which to form a sure foundation for these public efforts. There is, indeed, at the present moment, a systematic effort of more than usual vigor in various parts of the world to wage an active war against any of the appeals of Protestantism for equal rights. Shining examples of this are the provinces of the Tyrol and the kingdom of Spain, where the Catholic clergy and their great high-priest in Rome are not ashamed to indulge in the most fanatical tirades in order to stir up the people against the toleration of public Protestant worship in these countries. And, in order with certainty to conclude what must be done secretly by way of the confessional and religious teaching in the schools, and thus by intimate intercourse instilled into unsuspecting minds, one needs only to read what the Jesuitical journals of the continent now venture in this respect openly to publish.

We have before us, for example, certain extracts from Jesuit journals of the continent of Europe, filled with the most exciting warnings against the present tendency to renounce the Catholic Church on account of the new dogmas, and go over to Protestantism. These are calculated to fill the Catholic population with hatred and contempt for any who dare to assert their right to whatever religious belief may satisfy their conscience. Thus, while the civil authorities in all parts of Europe are trying honestly to break down the unfortunate distinctions in faith that have been the cause of so much hatred, suffering and bloodshed, these pretended servants of Christ are busy in sowing the seeds of discord that will lead to alienation and antagonism among those of different religious faiths.

One of these sheets gives a lengthy and circumstantial account of a Catholic priest who left Catholicism and embraced the Protestant religion. According to the narration, his whole life was one of agony and remorse because spent in the sinful office of an heretical creed, and finally, on his being called to the bedside of a suddenly dying man, who was also a renegade Catholic, and suffered the tortures of purgatory on that account, he was so struck with the sinfulness of his own course that at that moment he was induced to return to Catholicism so as to be able to perform the last office of granting absolution of sin to the man then hurrying into the presence of his God.

We find another lesson of Christian love, in a Jesuitical sheet published on the Danube, in regard to the matter of intermarrying with Protestants, and allowing the children of such marriages to be brought up as Protestants. It runs thus: "The Protestants can have no priests because they have no consecration; this gives to the Catholic priest the supernatural power of forgiving sins to repentant sinners, and this power is daily exercised in the confessional. The Protestant does not know whither to turn when he has committed a heavy sin; he might as well go to his pastor's wife or servant-maid as to go to him. Now this means of relief from sin, the Catholic who permits his children to be educated as Protestants, allows to be cut off from them entirely. The most terrible fate predicted by our Saviour to the Jewish people was when 'He said to them: 'You will die in your sins.' Now, every Protestant must die in his sins because he has nobody who can forgive them."

"You who may have a Protestant wife or husband are committing a mortal sin if you are allowing your children to be educated in the heretical religion; and should you be taken sick, your Protestant relatives would not call a Catholic priest, and thus you are most likely to die with this mortal sin upon your soul to your eternal damnation."

All this, and much more like it, is printed in a city whose population is largely Protestant, and this is done with the sinister view of keeping up the bitterest agitation in families that otherwise might peacefully follow their respective inclinations; and what these men are doing in the family they are also doing in the State on a larger scale.

## A RETURNING PRODIGAL WELCOMED.

DEAR HERALD: Thanks for your unexpected but glad visit to my domicile to-night! I greet thee with joyful welcome, my dear old Zion's Herald! You look like the face of an old friend. It is many years now—since you and I were "first acquainted." More than twenty. Yes—let's see—twenty-five—seven—yes, twenty-eight years it is, since I first placed my eyes upon your beaming face. Twenty-eight years now—"how time gallops withal"—since an eager,

earnest young man was working his way over an untrodden path from his parental home in Central New York to find Dr. Dempster's Biblical School in the far-off New England town of Concord, N. H. A stranger in a strange country, among strange scenes and faces, and timid and shrinking withal, any and every face that smiled towards me was thrice welcome. 'Twas at that time I became acquainted with Zion's Herald. Its face seemed at once to give a smiling greeting. Its pages were spread out in the reading-room of the Institute, and its weekly coming was gladly hailed, and its columns scanned eagerly. Dr. Abel Stevens occupied the chair editorial, and like a grand patriarch sitting on the front porch of his mansion gave us not only cordial greeting but abundance of news and capital instructive advice. On one day he appeared among us himself with a few other specially invited patrons. He mingled freely in the classes, listened to the recitations, and then at the close cleared us with his keen, incisive, inspiring words. His address, of perhaps thirty minutes, unstudied but profound, free and easy yet scholarly, unpretentious yet masterly, was, I think, altogether likely one of his very happiest efforts. He had, at least in that recitation-room—full of Methodist pioneer theological students—as interested, as deeply moved and thrilled a company of auditors as he ever addressed. I can testify for one that my young soul was fired as by a visit from Gabriel. I had seen and heard a live editor—the veritable editor of Zion's Herald!

From that day we—the Herald and I—became fast friends. Nor did our fellowship cease with my graduation and return to my "native land" and home Conference, which was the Black River, now the Northern New York. Weekly, year after year, have we held sweet communion, until, alas! just a few years ago, I broke off. Ah, that was an ill day, and I guess I must have been ill myself! As I think now, none but a man of jaundice or of some such complaint could make up his mind to discontinue the paper. But for some time past my relations have been kindling, and I am now fully ready to be forgiven. And now, Mr. Herald, if you will come again, and keep coming, and not stop, and not be too severe against my temporary intermission, I'll try and be true to this renewed purpose.

And now, as I have said so much, and if I may be excused for these personal reminiscences, I would like to add a word on the progress of the school to which I have referred, now the Boston Theological Seminary. It has been with the greatest of interest that I have watched its growth, development and power, as it has been sending forth from year to year young men into the active ministry with some degree of mental and spiritual furnishing for their work.

The transfer from Concord to Boston, its enlarged facilities growing out of its university relations, its expanded scope of theological studies, its widened and firmer financial basis, its undiminished attachment to Methodism, adhering to the landmarks, yet keeping step with the advancing course of Providence, have been watched and rejoiced in by thousands and by many outside of New England. That it accomplished so much in its first quarter-century is a course of heartfelt gratitude to God. Its faithful alumni are toiling successfully in the Master's vineyard on all sides of the globe. How much more it might do with its present plans and facilities if its financial resources were equal to the necessities; and certainly all must rejoice in the effort now in progress to add forty thousand dollars to those resources by an endowment of an alumni professorship. May the Holy Ghost, whose office is to bring to remembrance and to stimulate to active work, inspire the men of money to turn it over to the Lord for this purpose! I wish I could, right now, say the word which God would use to make, at least, five of the forty thousand for homeing. I believe in prayer in such matters, and so I have been praying that God will lead the right man to give the right amount. Let it never be forgotten that that theological school was founded in Christian prayer and faith. Its incipient financial strength, its students and its spiritual power came by prayer. Prayer was its "hiding of power" until its days of pioneering. So must it be now and ever. Its trustees, its faculty, its patrons and its students, must be pervaded by the presence and power of the Holy Ghost.

And now, dear Herald, please accept my best wishes for yourself, your editor, and all connected with the establishment. May you live forever, and have an abundance of intelligent readers gladdened by your weekly visits—and I'll be one!

Syracuse, N. Y. J. B. FOOTE.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

The great need of our country, and the only remedy for political abuses, is more character and conscience in politics. All that is required to make our Government the best under the sun, is to take it out of the hands of self-seeking, office-seeking politicians, and place in power those whom the people regard as their worthiest men. In order to accomplish this it will be necessary for the best men in all conditions and professions to take an active part in politics, to feel an individual responsibility for the conduct of political affairs, and be willing and ready to make some sacrifice of personal interests and preferences for the welfare of their country.—Western Christian Advocate.

Would the world be more virtuous if every falsehood, wrong thought, or act of dishonesty were, at the instant it occurred, inscribed visibly upon the sinner's forehead, so that no doubt, no concealment were possible? Such an arrangement would, we suppose, just as the visible presence of the Almighty, seated in the nearest sky and armed with argus eyes, would probably operate upon men's piety. It would cover and awe men into passive inertness. There would be less disobedience, but infinitely less obedience. Men would die of dread, as young plants wither in the noonday sun. But God does not want obedience, or even faithfulness, at all costs. He wants a free obedience, a love of goodness for its own sake, an obedience which is less due to dread than to affection.—22nd Christian.



## MISCELLANEOUS.

## LETTER FROM PHILADELPHIA.

In our last we promised you something in regard to the pictures seen, and we scarcely know where to begin, our task is such a difficult one. Of course, all are interested in home artists, and for this reason we mention some of them at first. Bierstadt, Moran, Kaufman, Cole and Morrell have all given proof of their great talent. Bierstadt's painting of "The Great Trees" of Mariposa Grove, California, attract much attention, and cannot fail to create a desire to visit the land where such trees are to be found. The "Yosemite Valley" is treated in that masterly manner which we might expect from one who has already become celebrated on account of his powerful representations of this wonderful section of our country. Cole's three large paintings, entitled "Journey through Life," are very fine. The subject itself is attractive, and in this instance is treated most skillfully. The first, "The Start in Life," represents two young men setting out upon the journey of this weary life, one having accepted the Cross as his guide, while the other takes the world for his portion. This painting is really called, "The Cross and the World—Youth." The second painting is a scene of adversity. The young man has gained his maturity, and with staff in hand, is struggling amid the rocks in his efforts to pursue his onward way, while in the distance the cross is just discernible. This picture is "The Cross and the World—Manhood." The third picture represents the triumph of the Cross. In the midst of grand scenery, everything indicating that the struggle is ended, the weary traveler is about to cross that mysterious river. In the clouds beyond, the white-robed messengers are seen ready to bear the pilgrim home, while the cross is still visible. This is marked, "The Cross and the World—Old Age." It will be seen that the artist has followed only the course of the one who accepted the Cross, while the pleasure-seeker has been left to himself. The secret of this is that the artist died before his subject was completed. As the whole is at present, every one expresses a great sorrow that the path of the other young man could not have been as faithfully delineated. The largest picture in the United States department is "The Battle of Gettysburg," which is a painting of the great battle by Rothermel.

In the French section many of the finest paintings on exhibition are to be found, even though much has been said, and great disappointment manifested, at the exhibit of this nation. Had we the space we might express our views as to the cause of this disappointment in detail, but we will only say this much: In the reproduction of some of the choicest pieces of French artists, much has been lost; and secondly, that many paintings are now hanging in a very poor light. There are but few paintings that attract more attention than "Rizpah Protecting the Bodies of her Sons from the Birds of Prey" (2 Samuel xxi, 10); and yet the position of the painting is miserable. If, instead of occupying the side of the passage in which it hangs, it could be placed at either end, the effect of the change would be wonderful. Now, the expression on Rizpah's face is lost to a great extent on account of the shadows cast over it by the frame itself. The immense painting of "Venice Doing Homage to Catharine Carnaro" has many admirers. In this one painting we counted forty-five different figures, and there may be a few more, all life-size, presenting fruits, flowers, and jewels to the lovely Catharine, who appears as well pleased and happy as her former subjects.

In the English section "The Marriage of the Prince of Wales" is greatly admired. It is the property of the Queen, and is constantly watched for fear of injury. The likeness of the royal company are said to be very fine. The Prince himself appears quite handsome in his long velvet robe, and the bride, modest and sweet, though not pretty, evidently a person to love. The Queen herself can be seen, occupying a position alone just above the bridal party. Another picture loaned by the Queen is that of "The Marriage of the Young Prince Richard, Duke of York, second son of King Edward the Fourth, with Anna, daughter of the Duke of Norfolk, May 15, 1474." Among this collection are Landseer's paintings, and, altogether, the English is very fine. We came very near forgetting to make mention of "The Banquet Scene from Macbeth," which is in this section. The painting represents that part of the scene where Banquo rises and sits in the chair of Macbeth.

In a general way, allow us to speak of a few paintings which we cannot locate in their proper sections. In "Pro-metheus Bound" there is an attractiveness, although the subject is one that is fearful, as well as painful. Such pictures appear to claim more attention than those more lively and sprightly in character. The painting of Rizpah, which I have already alluded to, is really sublime. It is a painting which fills you with awe, and one, too, which you cannot soon forget; and yet the crowd centers about it. The courage manifested by the mother while bearing off the vultures from the dead men hanging high above the rocks, speaks more plainly than words.

Among the pieces of art which may be classed Biblical paintings are "Ruth in Boaz's Field Gleaning," and "David and Goliath." "The Shadow of the Rock," by Oertel, is beautifully delineated. It is taken from the passage in Isaiah—"And a man shall be as an hid-

ing-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as the rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." The "Five Foolish Maidens at the Locked Door" is quite pretty, but sad, and at the same time suggestive. The expression upon each face shows the disposition of each haughty, idle maiden.

In the Belgium department there is a magnificent painting of "The Last Days of Pompeii." The reflection of the fire upon the lovely ladies making their escape is perfectly natural, and we find ourselves sympathizing with them in that dreadful hour.

The finest collection of all paintings is to be found in the department of Italy, and when we think of the perfect work, our pen is motionless. Tongues are hushed, for no language can exaggerate them, or even sing their praises; they are different from any other. But there is no more space for paintings.

The Italian statuary is more exquisite than we ever dreamed of, and embraces a variety of subjects; but we can only mention a few. "Love's Net" is considered a superior piece of work, and is a lovely female form enveloped in a delicate net, the perfection of which is a marvel of beauty. "Time" is represented by a stalwart man, with hoary locks and wings outstretched, in the act of passing on. In one hand is the hour-glass; in the other, the relentless scythe; beside stands a beautiful woman endeavoring to arrest his flight. "The Forced Prayer" represents a child saying its prayers against its will. The little fellow, with hands clasped, lips pouting, and the tear upon his cheek, illustrates fully what we have so often seen. A little girl arrayed in her mamma's rich silk robe, with her head turned aside to see the long, sweeping train, calls forth exclamations of surprise from the lookers-on, that marble can be wrought and chiseled so wonderfully. A boy attempting to put on his father's shirt occasions much merriment. Children blowing bubbles, others playing with birds, feeding them, or holding them—in fact, everything which delights and amuses the young is shown in marble; and, what is better still, the expression on the face corresponds with the play. Had we more space we could write of other exhibits, but must not at present.

## BISHOP COKE IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY REV. S. W. COGGESHALL, D. D.

I was much interested in Brother McDonald's well-written account of Dr. Coke's visit to Providence. Of this visit to the land of the Puritans there is no contemporary history. It took place immediately after the close of the General Conference in Baltimore, in 1804. Samuel Drew, in his Life of Coke, does not mention it. A while since, I sent to England for Elderidge's Life of the great missionary Bishop, but to my disappointment, he is equally silent.

The tour was extended further east. The late Daniel Webb informed me that he met him in Boston, where he heard him preach; that he accompanied him to Lynn, where he again heard him; and to Marblehead, which was then Mr. Webb's station and the terminus of the Bishop's tour, where he again heard him. Sister Webb was dangerously ill at the time. The Bishop went in and prayed with her, and, as he rose from his knees, he turned to Brother Webb, and said: "Your wife will not die, but live;" which accordingly came to pass, and her children and her grandchildren are among us. My mother, Rebecca Bulfinch, then seventeen years of age, and who had joined the society under Rev. John Bloodgood two years before, listened to the sermon at Lynn, and I heard her quote from it nearly twenty-five years after.

Rev. Thos. Lyell, who was the Bishop's traveling companion upon this occasion, was the Summerfield of the times. He was a graduate of Cokesbury College; joined the itinerancy in 1791; was stationed in Baltimore with John Harper and Henry Willis in 1798; was a Federalist in politics, and chaplain to Congress, under Mr. Adams' administration, and ousted upon the incoming of Jefferson in 1801; was stationed in Boston by Bishop Asbury in 1803, with Epaphras Kibby as an assistant. Here was a great revival, from which the Baptist Churches in Boston were largely replenished, and out of which both the Bromfield Street and the Park Street Churches subsequently arose. He was in feeble health, and early in 1804 was sent to Newport, R. I., partly for recuperation, and partly to inaugurate our work in that old town. His historic powers were very great. On one occasion he preached a sermon in Boston on the vices of the town, at the close of which, it is said, there was not a head to be seen in the house! The wife of Rev. George Pickering, in 1832, gave me an account of an exhibition of these powers, which she witnessed at their home in Waltham in the presence of Bishop Asbury, then suffering from great depression of spirits, and which was attended with surprising effects.

But a want of an appreciation of the great value of men has been one of the great miseries of our Methodism. "Who can stand before envy?" asks the wise man. He had his enemies, who compelled him to locate, at the Conference held in Buxton, Me., the 15th of the following July; and soon after he joined the Protestant Episcopal Church, and thus was lost to us forever. Our losses of this kind have been simply immense. No such man again appeared in New England Methodism, until Rev. J. N. Maffitt joined the New England Conference in 1824, just twenty years after; and he was a foreigner, and in some re-

spects vastly his inferior. Mr. L. never lost his regard for the Church of his early choice, and at the Conferences held in New York was accustomed to have a large company of the old preachers dine with him. He died some years ago, rector of Christ Church, New York, the oldest pastor in the city.

## REMINISCENCES OF EARLY METHODISM.

BY REV. E. H. HOWARD.

The interest which our Methodist fathers cherish in the progress and prosperity of the circuits and societies which they "traveled" and helped to establish at an early day, is akin to what has been represented as William the Conqueror's fondness for deer, whom he loved, it is said, "as if he had been their father."

A few days since, the writer received the following note from one of our ministerial veterans well-known throughout our connection. It explains itself:

"Pocasset, Oct. 23, 1876.

"DEAR BROTHER: I was stationed at Byfield (then West Newbury) in 1833. A great revival swept up the valley of the Merrimack from old Newbury to Haverhill, and as far east as Portsmouth, N. H. It was the greatest work I ever saw. Our Church in West Newbury was doubled in two weeks, and it appears that the work has never died. I formed the first Sabbath-school there, with a library that cost \$5.00, which was put into my hands by the Unitarian pastor at Newburyport for this purpose. I exceedingly wished to be present at your late Sunday-school Convention at B., to tell you the story of this great work wrought before the most of you were born. I was glad to learn that you had a good time. I have not been able to do as much as some men; but there is this about it, my work never dies; my foot-prints are never obliterated; and where I light a lamp the devil is never able to blow it out!

Yours in Christ,

"S. W. COGGESHALL."

This letter, so interesting and suggestive, reminds me of another received from this same devoted itinerant, while stationed at Brookfield. We had had a Sunday-school convention there. It had been a most delightful and profitable occasion—one of those "feats of reason, and flows of soul" which that people, assisted, of course, by brethren from abroad, know so well how to provide. A brief sketch of this convention appearing at the time in the HERALD, elicited from the aforesaid indefatigable worker a letter teeming with reminiscences of his labors while traveling the Brookfield circuit nearly forty years before. How delighted we would have been to entertain the veteran brother upon that occasion; while he, in turn, would have most richly entertained us with his recollections of other days—the days when father and mother Hamilton might have been heard shouting and singing all the way, as they plodded on foot from the meeting-house at "Ragged Hill" to their humble home at East Brookfield. Meantime, how would it have rejoiced the old warrior's heart to see how the little one there had become a thousand, and the little vine of his planting or tender nursing forty years ago, had now come to be one of the most desirable appointments on the Worcester district, not to say in the New England Conference. Nay, I am not sure but the Doctor is quite right when he declares that his work never fails; that his foot-prints are never obliterated. And, by the way, what a difference there is between the "foot-prints of an itinerant" and those of the carnal warrior; the peaceful, bloodless victories of the Cross, and those achieved by carnal weapons. Concerning a certain conqueror it used to be said: "The grass never grows green again where the hoof of his horse has trod." But wherever the soldier of Jesus Christ has trod, there spring up science, civilization and law; there follow, for ages upon ages, health and strength, beauty, blessedness and peace. Instead of devastation, we have the wilderness and the solitary place made glad through him; converted, indeed, through his labors, into a garden of God, full of incense, melody and joy.

I close by observing, how can these fathers in the ministry better spend the evening of their days than in writing up their recollections of their earlier ministry, and preserving at least the more striking and valuable features of their experiences. Dr. C. has already done something in this line, and has excellently, in connection with the Taunton Churches. Brother Allen has given us a most entertaining chapter of the same sort. The late Brother Liversay occasionally furnished for the HERALD chapters of his earlier ministerial life and experience, equal in thrilling interest to anything found in the autobiography of Finney, and in my judgment, infinitely more interesting to the average Methodist reader than the prosy moralizing and didactic preachments that constitute the staple of so many of the articles in our religious newspapers. Rev. A. Atwood and D. De Vinne of the Philadelphia and New York Conferences, have of late enriched the columns of the Methodists by their records of their toils and triumphs in the heroic age of Methodism. Let it be understood that there is nothing which the really devout among us are so interested in reading as these annals illustrative of the excellency, glory, power and blessedness of the Gospel of the grace of God. An incident, a single fact, illustrating how a poor sinner when in doubt and despair found Christ, and found Him to the joy and satisfaction of his soul, is of far more value than whole columns of dull ab-

stractions, and will be invested with an interest that can never be awakened by the more labored and ambitious disquisition. Let it be remembered that the direct road to the heart is through the eye, ear, and a wholesomely quickened imagination.

## A GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT.

BY REV. GEORGE H. SMYTH, Chaplain House of Refuge.

Among the many excellent charities of our city is the Leske and Watt's Orphan House, incorporated March 7th, 1831, and now located at One Hundred and Tenth Street. In 1843 this building was completed. This noble institution, during nearly half a century, has received under its care some thousands of destitute children, whom it has trained and fostered with parental solicitude, placed them in suitable homes, many of whom are to-day men and women, occupying places of trust, honor and usefulness.

In addition to the constant and faithful care of its directors, much of the success of the institution is due to William H. Guest, its efficient and devoted superintendent for twenty-two years, and whose life terminated Oct. 16th, at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, whither he had gone to seek the restoration of his health. His age was 68 years.

Mr. Guest, the subject of this sketch, spent the best part of his life in the care and training of unfortunate children. For two terms he held the office of justice of the peace, but was most at home in the place of a father to the fatherless. For this most delicate and difficult position Mr. Guest was admirably fitted by nature and by grace. He had a calm, quiet, self-possessed, easy dignity, that commanded without assertion, and controlled without command. This was adorned with a piety almost difficult in its humility, and sweetened with a large, loving heart, a sunny face, and a tender sympathy with the orphan, that led every child in the Home instinctively to call him "Papa."

The children each and all loved him as if he had been their own father; and he loved them as if they had been his own children. He often spoke of the joy he would have in meeting the children in heaven, and seemed to have a presentiment that the time was not far off. Shortly before he went West, a dear girl, dying, clasped her arms about his neck, and said: "O papa, won't you meet me in heaven?" He replied, "I will, my child, and it won't be long."

He often said if he might choose he would like to die in his work, just as his pastor, Rev. Mr. Tappan, died, who had proceeded with the Sabbath morning service in the church until the time for announcing his text. Some one went up to the pulpit to learn why the minister did not begin to preach. He was dead. Mr. Guest also expressed a wish to be buried near the children of the House. Both wishes have been gratified. Sitting one day in his daughter's house in Oshkosh, reading the many beautiful letters the children had written him, his physician came in. They were chatting pleasantly when the doctor had occasion to go to the door for a moment, and on returning he found the good man had passed away. His body was brought to his home. The tears of one hundred and fifty orphans, made fatherless a second time, told how they loved him.

The children that die in this institution are buried in a cemetery on Long Island, near Astoria. Mr. Guest has a plot there in which a daughter is buried; thither the remains of this good man were borne by loving hands and tenderly laid by the side of the children he had loved in life. The widow and the children who remain to mourn their irreparable loss may take comfort in the assurance: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. Yea, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."

Randall's Island, N. Y., Oct. 24.

## KANSAS CORRESPONDENCE.

ARKANSAS RIVER AND VALLEY.

The Arkansas river rises far up among the Rocky Mountains, in the South Park of Colorado. It crosses three-fourths of the length of Kansas before it enters the Indian Territory. The entire length of the stream is more than two thousand miles, nearly if not altogether long enough to reach from the Pacific to the Atlantic Ocean. Its windings in Kansas amount to about five hundred miles. The immediate valley is from five to fifteen miles wide. A remarkable feature is the fact of natural sub-irrigation established in the great valley. The soil being more or less sandy, the water from the river and its tributaries seeps through and underlies the surface, and rises as occasion may require. From this cause the surface is moist even during the hottest days of summer.

Another fact of great importance: Lower than this surface moisture, and disconnected from it, is a vast lake mingled with gravel and sand, underlying the entire valley in all its extent, at the depth of about fifteen feet. In order to get first-class water, a pipe, having a two-inch bore, is driven down, a pump-stock attached, and the sparkling fluid comes forth in such quantity, that it is commonly called, "overlying water." Fifteen dollars will buy the pipe and pump-stock, and two hours' work will put them in, ready for use. In reference to this water, the theory is, that it has its origin from the springs and melting snows of the Rocky Mountain regions and seeps along under the mighty stretch of the great valley. The fact, however, is absolute, and the water

tastes as well as if the mystery of its origin and mode were fully understood.

On the uplands, water can be had by boring or digging from twenty to forty feet. The valley lands are exceedingly rich, producing, in places, grass seven feet high. But this is not the Buffalo grass which an Eastern correspondent said was as high as a horse's back. Buffalo grass is about three inches high. But it is not an unpardonable sin to be innocent of a knowledge of the grassy glories of Kansas. However, the "innocents" should go abroad even unto the West, and see for themselves. The uplands are both beautiful and fertile, and some prefer them. All can be suited.

JOHN W. FOX.

Hutchinson, Kan., Oct. 19, 1876.

## THE AMERICAN RAILWAY LITERARY UNION.

BY J. S. DAMELL, ESQ.

It is the object of this society to prevent the sale and circulation of vicious and impure literature, and to introduce such as will benefit, as well as interest, all classes. Much of the reading matter which has been circulated on our railroads and lines of travel hitherto, has been such as vitiated the taste, corrupted the morals, and leads to crime. It is the opinion of those who have charge of criminals, that a large portion of the crimes, especially among the young, can be traced directly to this source. More than eighty per cent. of the reading matter desired by those in jail waiting trial is of this kind.

Mr. James T. Fields visited Pomeroy, the boy murderer, in jail, and learned from him that he had been a great reader of blood and thunder stories. He had read sixty dime novels, all about scalping and other bloody performances, and Mr. Fields had no doubt that these books had put the horrible thoughts into his mind which led to his murderous acts. But the injury to the morals of those who read these things, and look upon the pictures which they are illustrated, though it never appears in the courts, is far greater and more deplorable, spread as it is through the families all over the land.

It has been estimated that full one half of all such vile reading as has been circulated in the United States, has been distributed by the sales in the cars and steamboats. The privilege of selling books and papers on the various railroads is rented yearly at large sums, in many cases as high as \$12,000, and even more. One road, whose depot is in Boston, receives \$7,000 a year for the privilege. Of course those who pay so much sell what will give them the best profit, and the managers of the roads have, until recently, given little attention to the matter. But under the influence of this society, more than thirty thousand miles of railroad in the United States exclude such matter from their cars and premises.

The New England branch of this society, managed by a board of which Charles Demond is president, J. D. W. French, secretary, S. P. Hibbard, treasurer, has been quietly at work for about twenty months and has accomplished much. All of the railroads running out of Boston, except one, with their connecting lines, have cheerfully banished such reading matter from their trains, and co-operate with the society in supervising what is sold in their cars and depots. One item will show the value of the work so far. When the society began to work, there were sold yearly by the news agents running out of Boston, 110,000 copies of vile illustrated weeklies. Now the sales do not exceed 23,000 copies. In other impure matter an equal advance has been made; but still much remains to be done, and "eternal vigilance" is here especially needed.

The expenses of the New England branch are about \$2,000 a year—a small sum, but so difficult to raise now, that the officers fear they must suspend the work. Full particulars in regard to our work may be obtained of the superintendent, E. S. Fletcher, 6 Kilby Street, who will be glad to call on any desiring it. Mr. Fletcher is authorized to collect money for this association, or it may be sent directly to the treasurer, S. P. Hibbard, 176 State Street.

## OUR ECLECTIC.

TRUE WEALTH.—Some murmur, when their sky is clear And wholly bright to view, If one small speck of dark appear In their great heaven of blue; And some with thankful love are filled, If but one streak of light— One ray of God's good mercy—gild The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask, In discontent and pride, Why life is such a dreary task, And all good things denied? And hearts in poorest huts admire How love has, in their aid— Love that not ever seems to tire— Such rich provision made.

Archbishop Trench.

## TRUE COMFORT IN DEATH.—

There is in many minds a shrinking, even to horror, from the physical phenomena and accessories of death,—the ebbing pulse, the shortening breath, the sad surroundings, the conscious nearness of the plunge into an untried state of being, the solitary passage through the death-shadow. It is a feeling which, entirely independent of belief, cannot be allayed by mere belief. This condition of the imaginative or emotional nature can be soothed and transformed only by influences of its own order, and such as those flowing from a scenic display of the conquest over Death on the very stage where he is wont to move in king-like guise. All these accessories of the dissolution of the body—in their mild-

est forms so appalling—were clustered in their direct aspects about the cross and burial of our Lord; and they are all transfigured in the light of the resurrection morning—symbols no longer of death, but of undying life; no longer of the soul unclothed, but clothed upon; no longer of the dismantling of the earthly tabernacle, but of the opening portals of the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. Who that has watched by the Christian dead-bed has not felt moved to dwell in converse and prayer on the place where the Lord lay, and witnessed the sweet peace and the hope surmounting fear, as the dying believer has thought of that far off sepulchre in Judea while he was sinking into his own grave?—From DR. PHABODY'S Christianity and Science.

A sacred burden is the life ye bear; Look on it, lift it up, bear it solemnly, Stand up, and walk beneath it steadfastly; Fall not for sorrow, falter not for sin, But onward, upward, till the goal ye win. Frances Anne Kemble.

## ESSENTIAL HARMONY OF BELIEVERS.

There are certain traits which are common to the best men of all sects. The definition of the Christian spirit and life given by one would be accepted by all. The same manuals of practical piety are in the hands of all. The same Christian lyrics are sung with equal fervor in sanctuaries that stand over against each other like Zion and Gerizim. To the prayers of each all would add a hearty amen. Were they brought together, forbidden the use of technical phraseology, and induced to utter in simplest language their several modes of consciousness as to what Christ had done for them, their duty to God, to Christ, to man, their abnegation of self-dependence, their trust in a divine redemption, their hope full of immortality, there would be no Babel-like confusion of tongues, as when they parade their distinctive dogmas, but a sweet consent and heavenly harmony. Now those who would thus with one heart and voice reveal a common consciousness are the foremost men in the esteem of their fellow-men, the leaders in all good works,—those whose lives are confessedly pure, true, faithful, generous, holy. Is there not in the united testimony of such men of all ages, nations, and sects, evidence of no mean worth to that which they all affirm, namely, that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, the Saviour of men, the Source of all excellence, the Inspirer of all virtue, the Way to the Father, the incarnate Truth, the eternal Life made manifest?—From DR. PHABODY'S Christianity and Science.

THE HEART-LOCK.—A lock was shown to Gotthold, constructed of rings, which were severally inscribed with certain letters, and could be turned round until the letters represented the name Jesus. It was only when the rings were disposed in this manner that the lock could be opened. The invention pleased him beyond measure, and he exclaimed: "Oh! that I could put such a lock as this upon my heart!"

Our hearts are already locked, no doubt, but generally with a lock of another kind. Many need only to hear the words, gain, honor, pleasure, riches, revenge, and their hearts open to the matter. But under the influence of this society, more than thirty thousand miles of railroad in the United States exclude such matter from their cars and premises.

## Our Book Table.

Dr. Newman's work has been before us some months, yet its desert is not yet fully made known. THE THRONES AND PALACES OF BABYLON AND NINEVEH (Harpers) is perhaps as expressive a title as could be given, though there is far less of the throne than the palace, and far more of the lands and peoples than of either. It is a very compact and instructive itinerary from the mouth of the Persian Gulf to the Mediterranean. One thousand miles of it, from Babylon and Bagdad to Nineveh, are made on horseback. The trip up the Tigris, the disclosure of the Garden of Eden to modern eyes, the tombs of Jonah, Ezra and Ezekiel, the cities of Muscat, Bagdad, Mosul, Ormuz, Aleppo, the Isle of Ormuz, the wondrous rivers of Babylon and Nineveh, the painful and often perilous journey in the rude conveyances of the land, the desert life and scenery, the palm groves by rivers' banks—these are parts of a well-filled book. To a student of Layard some of the Nineveh is familiar. So are the other historical pictures that throw light on the spots that are visited. But this light is not familiar to most readers, and not disagreeable to any. For instance, one dislikes to read a sketch of the history of Ctesiphon, with the description of its ruins; nor is the story of the great battle of Alexander and Darius at Arbela any the less enjoyable when that city and its plain are reached in the tour. These historical excursions are among the most interesting portions of the book. Dr. Newman has a quick eye for all novelties, and a good art at describing them. Thus the Arab's tent is thoroughly unfolded, and the fashions and customs of the people are happily caught and transcribed. His much-enduring wife receives proper praise, though we should love the words "my wife" better than those of "elect lady," which he favors. We know of no better book for the Sunday-school library. Every youth will read it. When shall our Church libraries get shelves tall enough to receive this best of our Church literature? Our writers to-day are issuing some superb specimens of their labors, in enticing forms of press and picture. They should enter their Church libraries. Church libraries have been approved by the General Conference. Let their first aim be to get Church libraries of mature and valuable works, which will please and edify young and old. Among these will certainly be found this handsome volume.

BIBLE LANDS: Their Modern Customs and Manners Illustrative of Scripture, by Rev. Henry I. Van Lennep, D. D. (Harpers), pp. 832. This volume is by far the fullest, in minute and valuable matter, of any that has been published on the Scripture lands. It is not confined in its range to Palestine, but covers all the region of Assyria, Persia, Arabia and Mesopotamia. It discusses everything pertaining to those lands that bear upon the Bible, except its history, topography, products, animals, minerals, peoples, habitations, furniture, social life, government, military matters, religious rites. Nothing seems omitted. It is also clearly put. In this respect it is a better work than Thompson's Land and Book

though its range is much greater. It is undoubtedly the most carefully prepared manual of this sacred region. One finds the people very human, often the depth of the human. Yet he is constrained to acknowledge that this humanity is very like even to its inhumanity, what it was in the days of the patriarchs and Jews, from the first Adam to the second Adam. It is one of the books that every minister must possess.

THE LORD'S LAND, by Dr. Ridgway (Nelson & Phillips), is the third in this group that bears on this ceaselessly interesting topic. It is superbly gotten up, soft, thick, glossy paper, fine wood engravings, in the best state of that art. Its contents deserve the setting. From Suz round about unto Beyrout, the traveler leads us over sites familiar, yet ever new. The desert life, in all its dreariness, is freshly told. The mount of God is fearfully and ecstatically described from its vividly depicted. We are glad to find the original Mount of Sinai restored to its lost place. It has had to give way, in late years, to Serbal and other claimants, but it has come to its own again. The valley below it, coming so close to it, capable of holding easily two millions of people (though we are not sure the estimate of the space necessary for so vast a multitude is carefully made), these, and other considerations, give it the unquestioned pre-eminence. Less satisfactory is the selection of the spot where the tables were broken, though we cannot give reasons for objecting. The four through the Holy Land itself is of unvarying interest. We rejoice with these as they rejoice, and weep as they weep. It is scholarly and reverent. Many is the soul that will find refreshment here.

The secret of the abundance of waters in Jerusalem, he does not attempt to solve. No city is better supplied, yet its secret is still kept. The pools of Sion and Bethesda seem to be pools rather than fountains. What secret springs are beneath the morose have not yet been discovered. That is one of the most alluring of the Jerusalem mysteries.

While Dr. Ridgway does not seek to settle disputed questions, he nevertheless throws much light on accepted facts. His book is deserving a place in every library.

The most vivid biography of the day is LIFE AND LETTERS OF GEORGE TICKNOR, two volumes, Octavo (Osgood). Every page is animated. From his youth to his age he was the companion of Buckminster and Samuel Dexter and the Channings. John Adams gave him a letter of recommendation to Presidents Madison and Jefferson, so that he held the chief seat at their tables. He was an early note-taker, and a clear observer; and his crumbs, gathered from rich minds' tables, are very nutritious even now. What might they not have been had he steadily pursued the practice of daily storing away these careless contributions? He was scholarly, though not endowed with especial genius for learning, and far less for writing. His only memorable work—History of Spanish Literature—is a cold collection of information, informed by no special vivacity. His skill was as an intellectual lion-circus. He was a splendid table companion. Gentle, gossiping, receptive, sufficiently given to retort, not stinging but tickling, learned enough for the really learned who love to unbend, and to talk with the almost learned, political enough for politicians, theological enough for the ministry, his forte was the honey-bee's, extracting and giving honey. He could have been a brilliant Butler, had he been a little less opinionated as to himself, and a little more sensible as to his opportunities. So could many others be. If we noted down all the bright things we have heard others say, what brilliant books would be written!

Full enough of these bulky volumes is devoted to his notes of travel. They had better have been given with notes of conversation. Yet much of this travel is conversational, and so repays its otherwise less valuable descriptions. He reveals his sympathy with the anti-slavery cause of Everett and Webster in letters to them, strongly approving their later political course. In a letter to Sir Edmund Head he defends the Fugitive Slave Bill, as intended to suppress running away rather than restore the runaway. He was slow to accept the new hour. Yet he asked that Webster's Life should set forth his earnest opposition to the annexation of Texas. His correspondence probably have never been equaled by any American, not even by Sumner, and by only a few Europeans; perhaps Humboldt exceeded him. And nowhere do more big men walk the pages than here. It is a rare collection, and will remain unrivaled and grow in value for centuries. The great host, for such he pre-eminently was, had the best sort of guests, and was himself, abroad, among the best sort. Scott, Jeffrey, Melbourne, Webster, Everett, Prescott, King John of Saxony, Brougham, a multitude of such sort, fill before you. The later lights do not gleam on the pages, but the celebrities of a quarter to three-quarters of a century are gathered about these tables. They are a treasure-house of delight.

There is but little glimpse of the life beyond. His death is Christless; calm sleep, but no spiritual light. This grave lack is here; would it were absent! It is a most readable and valuable life.

Few men did more good in an unpretending way than Deacon Charles Stoddard, whose life is published by the Congregational Publishing House. He was the right hand man of Dr. Kirk, builder and chief supporter of his Church. His quiet life is quietly narrated by his daughter, Dr. H. H. Stoddard, George Ticknor. How different their lives, even to the close. His last words were "To-morrow I shall be with my Saviour." Those of the other are not given. Each was a graceful gentleman, of refined manners. The one of scholarly culture and world-wide society; the other of narrow range, but sweeter and more divine. The one life, the scholar, is the more fascinating; the other, more practical and permanent.

ROUND MY HOUSE, by Philip Gilbert Hamerton (Roberts Brothers), is the same briar knot of a book that Hamerton always writes. He is full of eyes and tongues. He sees and tells. His search for a house closes to you the whole south of France. His found house discloses life and manners there. He testifies to the purity of French women, denouncing the favorite subject of their dramas (illicit amours of wives) as having no existence in society. He says these women are limited in range of reading, intense Romanists, averse to discussion, and therefore domestic. The work is more picturesque than his pictures. He must spend more hours over the manuscript than the easel. Next to his Intellectual Life, the best book of the decade, of his productions, is this Round My House.

NEW MUSIC. From Oliver Ditson & Co.: A Plain Te Deum, by G. J. Tatum; I'm Feeling Like a Big Bull Frog, by T. B. Bishop; Take This Message to My Darling, by F. Duken; Star of the Empire, march, by R. Goelder; Nearer, My God, to Thee, arranged for piano by A. H. Fernald; Polo Waltz, by F. Battersby.







## ZION'S HERALD

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## ZION'S HERALD.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1876.

The Sunday-school Convention of Boston district, which met at the Saratoga Street Church, at East Boston, Wednesday, Nov. 1, was quite well attended, and very profitable. Careful preparation had been made for it, and all the speakers responded to their names when the hour arrived for their essays. The discussions were eminently practical, and full of excellent suggestions. Great emphasis was given to the importance of securing the attendance of the children upon the public services of the house of God; of pastors using all possible proper measures to interest and instruct the laity, and to make their discourses entertaining and profitable to them; and of parents or teachers giving personal attention to this vital habit on the part of young people. The duty of the pastor, in some way, to supervise the instruction of his teachers and to awaken an interest in the thorough study of the lessons was earnestly inculcated, and the chief of all ends in the training of childhood—its early consecration to God—was constantly enforced. The essays and addresses were well listened to with pleasure, and were whole-some and impressive in their character.

The great Sunday-school idea of the hour is not so much the broadening of its scope as the securing its sanctification. We want it in the Church; its teachers the recognized, subordinate pastors of the laity; its pupils belonging to it either as recognized inquirers to be at once led to faith in the Lord Jesus, or as young disciples to be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. From the character of the day on which it is held, as one for rest and worship, the Sunday-school can never be made a theological or academic seminary.

One of the old pastors of Bennet Street Church, stating that all the evenings of the week were occupied by various religious services, and appreciating the importance of a clear exposition and apprehension of the Sabbath-school lesson, on the part of his teachers, was accustomed to call them together a half or three-quarters of an hour before the regular prayer-meeting, for the discussion of the lesson.

Such a course would have a double benefit, if generally followed. It would secure the instruction of teachers and enrich the prayer-meeting. It would also draw to the latter persons that might not otherwise be present, and open lines for prayer, religious experience, and exhortation, that would add variety, and power, and spiritual profit to the weekly meeting.

We go to press (Tuesday morning) as the country enters upon its sublime political act—casting a universal ballot for its rulers. It is every way a peculiar hour. It is the Centennial election, enacted in the presence of representatives of all portions of the earth assembled at the great World's Fair. It involves extraordinary interests; in a large sense, some of the most vital political principles which entered into the late civil war are at stake. Once more the South, so far as its white citizens are concerned, stands as a unit together, sacrificing party predilections for sectional interests. Men have never voted more thoughtfully or earnestly, and many more prayerfully, than they will to-day. It will doubtless be a large vote; we trust it may be thrown fearlessly and without threat of violence or hindrance; but we cannot hope universally for this. Whatever may be the result, may the blessing of Almighty God remain upon the nation and its rulers!

A very hearty and well-attended series of public services, according to previous arrangement, were held in Louisville, Ky., in the interest of Methodist fraternity. A communion service, presided over by Bishop Kavanaugh, and addressed by Bishop Foster, was held in the morning, at which fifty preachers, besides a large audience, bowed at a common altar. A great meeting was held in the afternoon at the Masonic Temple, at which a number of admirable addresses were delivered by ministers of both Churches. Rev. J. S. Chadwick, Dr. Enoch Wood, Rev. Mr. Halliday of Indianapolis, Rev. G. W. Grubbs, W. C. De Paw, esq., Rev. J. H. Barth, and others represented the M. E. Church, and leading ministers and laymen of the vicinity spoke with the utmost freedom and heartiness in behalf of the Church South. It was a sort of pleasant cross between a mutual admiration society and a Methodist love-feast. In the evening a very large concourse met at the Masonic Hall, Hon. W. C. De Paw presiding, and Bishops

Kavanaugh and Foster making very devout, fraternal and eloquent addresses. Altogether it was a pleasant and profitable gathering. There seems to have been no drawback, and no ungrateful expressions were made. There were no attempts at argument or explanation, but a simple, free outgushing of spiritual conviction characterized the occasion. Such meetings are beautiful, impressive and useful. There cannot be too many of them.

Much interest has naturally been excited to learn the character and modes of the remarkably successful Bible class of three or four hundred, conducted by Rev. R. R. Meredith. No small occasion of its popularity and efficiency is doubtless to be found in the personal qualities of the leader—the having a commanding voice and manner, quickness of perception and remarkable facility in managing such an assemblage. His few leading principles, however, are worthy of consideration. His lessons embody the international selections from the Scriptures, but, in addition, he embraces all the omitted portions of the Sacred Record between the chosen verses. He asks no question of an individual member by name, so that all embarrassment upon this account is removed. He permits no doubt to be expressed in the class as to the inspiration and divine authority of the Bible; the authenticity and sanctity of this is assumed. If any members of the class have honest doubts and difficulties, they are invited by him to personal interviews at his study. He does not lecture; talks himself just as little as possible; this is, with him a vital point. He even asks as few questions himself as possible, encouraging the class to ask them. He does not permit personal discussions between members. All answers are addressed to him. Where conflicting opinions are expressed, they are distinctly repeated to the class, their sentiments upon them drawn out, and then the teacher simply, clearly, and as the final authority in the class, presents his own view, or declares frankly his inability to satisfy himself upon the point. He never has had an attempted breach of his rule, as to expressing open doubt about the positive revelations of the Bible. A well-known free-thinker once, with an unmistakable sneer, if there was a record of any person seeing Jesus alive after his burial except his friends. "Yes," thundered the teacher, with his peremptory voice, "Who?" somewhat exultantly responded the questioner. "Roman soldiers," shouted the leader, in a tone that flushed the scepticism, and the doubter subsided. These free Biblical conversations, for which Mr. Meredith prepares himself with great care, devoting many hours every week to their study, are often attended with remarkable spiritual influence, and form the most interesting religious service of the week.

### CROWDED OUT.

There seem to be many favorable signs of a period of great religious interest during the present season. The revival theme is largely discussed in the pulpit, in ministers' meetings, and by the religious press. Much interest is excited by the progress of the revival services in Chicago, and in the expectation of their opening in Boston with the new year. There appears to be a prevailing impression that the condition of the Church and of the community demands a recurrence of such a revival period as was enjoyed in 1857 and other years of marked religious awakening.

There is also much unanimity of sentiments as to the character of the work to be desired. It is generally conceded that a movement from without rather than from within is to be deprecated rather than to be sought. The revival measures of late years, aroused largely by external agencies, and gathering a floating crowd rather than a permanent element around them, working almost entirely upon the emotions, and eagerly seeking superficial and demonstrative results, have been found to leave the Churches, where these temporary excitements have been felt, in a worse rather than in an improved condition. All thoughtful persons admit the necessity of a deep, thorough, spiritual reformation, in the Church itself, breaking up worldliness and selfishness, cleansing inward and outward impurities, and sending her forth with a fresh and hearty consecration into Christian work. When this is accomplished, there will be no question as to the effect of it upon general society. Sinners are now occasionally converted by the preaching of the Gospel, and by the personal labors of the few who are devoted to their great mission, and in limited numbers by the extraordinary means that are sometimes used; but if the body of the Church were once stirred; if the great deep of her moral sensibilities were moved; if the long-needed, sincere, open confessions of backslidings were made; if in the warmth and tenderness of a new baptism, and with a deep conviction of its necessity her members began to persuade the people to seek a salvation without which they would perish, no one can doubt that a profound impression would be made upon the community.

Such a preliminary work is the want of the hour. The members of the Church feel it. You speak with individual men and women, with business or professional men, and all admit that this is the necessity of the hour. All success in prosecuting the great enterprises of the Church, as well as the evangelical work, which is her true and special mission, turns upon this. All the painful problems as to financial difficulties in individual Churches, and as to the support of local and catholic charities would be solved by a divine baptism upon the Church—a general revival of pure and undebased religion, and a sweeping work of grace gathering into the Christian

fold the unconsecrated talent and wealth now unaffected by her influence. Men hope faintly for such a work. They look around for some human agency to bring it about. They still have their honest doubts about the practicability of attaining the full result desired by such foreign instrumentalities. Their past experience and observation have not been assuring. If it could be bought by money, or secured by substituted labor, or come upon them suddenly and irresistibly, without effort upon their own part, they would be only too eager to welcome it.

But it will not! God waits for the times. He is more willing to give the Spirit, and He impatiently awaits our importunity; but He stands at the door knocking until it is opened. The great trouble of the hour is that we have left no time for personal and public religious labor. The divine work is crowded aside by incessant worldly calls. We will pay for evangelists; but we cannot turn aside from our work or our pleasure to watch with the Master for our own renewal or for the world's redemption. The whole working time is taken up. Lectures, festivals, social entertainments, public and private occasions, crowd out religious services. We have too much to do to save ourselves or others! Which shall yield?

We should have no occasion to wait for other evangelists if we could secure the actual consecration of a limited period of secular time to pure religious work. If the members of the Churches could be persuaded to crowd out, for one week, ordinary labor, and the calls of even innocent, social pleasures, and devote the whole time heartily as unto the Lord, in prayer, and worship, and Christian work, the consecration of succeeding weeks would be much more easily secured. A whole Church in the sanctuary for a week engaged in dutiful services could not fail of a Pentecost. Can such a condition be secured in our Churches in this city? The London Churches preceded protracted local meetings by a general all-day meeting in City Road Chapel—a place so full of thrilling memories, and so often the scene of extraordinary manifestations of the Holy Spirit. How properly such an example might be followed on this side of the Atlantic! Here, by our side, as we write, is old Bromfield Street, hallowed by as grand and holy triumphs as the cradle of Methodism in London. Why may we not, throughout a day, thus gather around her altar, confessing our backslidings, renewing our covenant, reconsecrating ourselves to Christian work? We need not wait three months for a harvest; the fields are already white. We need no human mediator to persuade the Heavenly Father to open the windows of heaven for us, while the Holy Spirit waiteth to make intercessions for us with groanings that cannot be uttered. Have we not reached the hour when an overmastering common anxiety and desire will draw us together into one place, and bow our hearts with one accord to the Father of our spirits for the gift of the Holy Ghost?

### A BAD PREJUDICE.

The London *Saturday Review* (one of the ablest but severest of English periodicals) animadverted on the unfortunate predicament in which the relations of the Pope to the Turkish Sultan places his holiness. For a considerable time the Turkish government has given fair play to "schismatics" from Romanism, within its territories. Of course the Pope did not like this generous policy, and when the Sultan, guided by the famous "scissors," his holiness pronounced his fate a "judgment of God." He immediately opened negotiations with the new Sultan (who is now superseded), and obtained important concessions for Romanism—made the new government was eager to make friends anywhere. The Vatican became remarkably sociable with the Porte, and the best of ententes cordiales was established between them. Then came, by some mischief-working demon, as the Pope doubtless thinks, the new revolution in the court at Constantinople, and the conflagration of the Christian provinces of the empire, by war. But as these Christians are of the Greek Church, and, therefore, desperate "heretics," his holiness was not much concerned about the matter, and looked only to the *entente cordiale* with the Porte. The demon was too shrewd for him. His beloved Turks behaved very badly in the Christian provinces. Scenes, such as the civilized world has not heard of for generations before, were enacted by the Mohammedan barbarians, not only on their battlefields, but in the peaceful and helpless villages of the Christians. All Christendom has been smitten with horror; all Christian governments roused to indignant remonstrance. But the "an-gust head of Christendom" sits silent on his throne in the Vatican, and makes no sign against atrocities which may well dismay heaven and earth.

This is, indeed, a singular spectacle for the eyes of the world. The poor, servile Pope, though imagining himself infallible, and the only viceroy of God on earth, blundered so seriously in his first precipitate negotiations with the Porte, that he is too much committed to be able to speak out for the slaughtered, and worse than slaughtered, women and children of Bulgaria. All Christendom has been ringing around him with outcries of horror and compassion, but the personal representative of Christ is dumb. Surely this is one of the most deplorable misfortunes which has befallen the Papacy in this, its day of almost unmitigated disasters. Fate is against it; nay, not fate, but divine providence, God him, self, and is giving it up to confusion and overthrow.

We are indebted to Principal Fellows for a copy of the Annual Catalogue of Wilbraham Academy for 1876. Its peculiar grace and beauty of execution are becoming one of the finest appointed academies in the country. Its list of students is not quite up to some of its most prosperous years, but during the year it has numbered in its three terms an aggregate of 630 pupils. It is one of the best preparatory schools in the land, and affords young ladies a sound, broad and appropriate education, with ample training in music and painting.

Of course these strange commitments and embarrassments of the Pope involve his Ultramontane supporters; and the Catholic press, in Europe, has had to maintain an unpardonable reticence amidst the universal outcry of the Christian nations. Some of the leading Popish papers have even dared to defy this outcry, and to attempt apologies or extenuations, if not vindications, of the Turkish infamies. This has been notably the case with the *Voce della Verita*, of Rome, the accredited organ of the Pope. The *Saturday Review* justly says:—

"On one point we should have thought they could hardly be two opinions among Christians—not to say among civilized and human beings—of every creed and country; and that is the execrable wickedness of the deeds committed by the Turks in Bulgaria and elsewhere, and the claim of the surviving victims and their countrymen to the active sympathy of Europe and to effectual protection against a repetition of such hideous brutalities. On that point, at least, men of all classes and opinions in our own country, whether adherents or assailants of the government, profess to be agreed. Not so the papal organ. Its one idea is that the Slavs, and the Russians who are supposed to stand behind them, are 'schismatics,' while the Porte, which has lately shown some disposition to coquet with Rome and to favor the Latin Church, is far more regarded of the 'holy interests of the Church,' and 'liberty of conscience.' Therefore the Turks are to be supported, and those persons are actually denounced as 'anti-Christians' who take the opposite side, and by meetings, relief committees, and by means of the press support the cause of the Slavs. The whole movement—including, be it observed, the relief of the sufferers—is 'a sectarian affair,' and springs from 'the venomous hatred of Liberalism and Freemasonry against Catholicism.' It is 'Liberals' of the worst kind and the most unscrupulous who are its sole promoters; and as to the 'exaggerated outcries against the atrocities committed by the Turkish irregulars in Bulgaria,' the English army behaved in just the same way in India, and the Liberal Italian troops in Naples and Sicily, and the Russians did much worse in Poland. And, therefore, for high and just reasons, the Pope is quite right in throwing the whole weight of his influence on the side of the Turk."

There is in such sentiments, uttered at such a time, from such a source, something hardly less execrable than the Turkish enormities to which they allude. Can we wonder at the revolt of mankind from this medieval Church, while it thus blunders in policy, and violates itself by condoning cruelty and crime? Can we wonder that nearly every man, above the lowest condition of ignorance and vice, in Rome itself, is to-day, as travelers well know, an avowed skeptic? A foreign correspondent of the *Central Advocate* says that the so-called "radicals," "socialists," and "communists," who threaten the public order of Europe, and are everywhere trying to annihilate religion, are not of Protestant lineage; they are nearly all the children of the papal Church. They know what it is by personal experience. Their very instincts compel them to revolt from it. They make up the aggregate force of the anticlerical party in the most of Europe. They know little or nothing of Protestantism; and, confounding Christianity with popery, they deny the one because they hate the other. Popery is responsible, for the general demoralization of the "masses" in Europe, and for the political dangers to public order, which arise from those masses. The late mobs in Belgium, for example, were, according to this writer, a contest between the "Liberals" and the "clerics"—not at all between "Protestants" and "clerics," for the Protestants have been about nothing in the Belgian politics since the separation of Holland; the "Liberals" and the "mob" are the descendants of Catholics, the revolted children of the Roman Church.

While the Pope has remained in his self-styled "imprisonment," without making a sign against the Eastern horrors, great public meetings of sympathy for the sufferers and indignation against their executioners have been held almost within his hearing in Rome itself. The Italians around him are witnesses against him. They are indignant that he, the professed infallible organ of God on earth, has not a word to say about the most frightful outrages of modern ages; they learn with astonishment that Eastern Catholics are marching in the ranks of the Turks, to help in the murder of the "heretic" Christian women and children. How can we expect these Italian people to be Christians in such circumstances? Here, in fine, is our most solemn charge against popery—it is uprooting Christianity in Europe. Its followers, not only there, but here, are abetting opinions and measures which are disastrous to the best moral interests of the world. Many of them, especially here, remote from the centres of its power and iniquity, may be unintentionally involved in this terrible responsibility, but they are in it. They cannot get rid of it but by coming out from the whole system of darkness. They must cease all sophistical extenuations and explanations, and boldly step out of the dark circle, or remain, however unconsciously, responsible before God and men for a tacit collusion with some of the worst things now going on in this fallen world.

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### GERMAN CORRESPONDENCE.

In this letter I propose to say something about the Göttingen University. Of course a full description is neither possible nor desirable; we must content ourselves with only a few random thoughts and suggestions. As the Germans themselves have always placed this university in the first rank, it may serve in some measure as a type or representative of the other German universities.

The one requisite seems to be renowned professors. It does not matter much whether the professor has a lecture-room or not. If necessary, he lectures in his own house. The examinations are held now very often in the professors' houses, and twenty or thirty years ago, the lectures were given very often in private rooms. But lecture-room or not, the professor must have, at least in Germany, a brilliant reputation. It is thought, apparently, that given the brains, all other necessary things are sure to follow. The German points with pride to a distinguished professor, not to buildings of wood, brick, or stone. Of what use are these latter without men who are masters of the situation? Given a Wöhler, a Grimm, or a Gauss, and the wood, bricks and stones soon range themselves in order. It is possible that we in America think too much of the body and too little of the soul; perhaps the necessary buildings can often best be secured by employing more professors and paying them better. It is very interesting to observe how students follow in the train of distinguished professors; there is a constant ebb and flow of student-life. The young men are drawn not by dead buildings, but by warm hearts and capacious intellects.

This will explain why Americans and Englishmen are so disappointed on their first arrival at Göttingen. Where is the University? Where is the campus? Where the architecture? There is no architecture, no campus; nothing but the plainest buildings. The chemical laboratory, with its noxious gases, is built as far as possible from the classic groves. Wöhler and the mineralogical cabinet are under the same roof. The library is an old cloister. The physical laboratory might be easily mistaken for a dwelling house.

The professors do not teach. In some departments there is, weekly, the so-called "Colloquium," which bears, perhaps, some resemblance to the American recitation. Farther than this, however, there is no teaching in a German University. The professor lectures, and pursues his own researches. Every facility is given him for winning a brilliant reputation. He has not to waste his time in drilling dullards up to the degree-mark, and in controlling fractious boys. The students are supposed to be no longer boys, though, as a matter of fact, many of them are still very boyish. Whether they study or play, the professor does not stop to inquire. They have had a master for many years in the Gymnasium and the *Realschule*, have received an education about equal to that afforded in the best American colleges, and have been allowed very few electives. Henceforth, everything is elective. They are men, and must act for themselves. Most of them have already chosen their profession accordingly. And this is the German elective system. Students who have already chosen their profession, choose also very naturally their own studies, but students in the Gymnasium and the *Realschule* must pursue a fixed course of study for the very good reason that they are seeking, not professional knowledge, but mental culture and development. The principle holds good also in America, and is very easily applied. Have the American undergraduates, as a rule, already acquired the necessary preliminary training, and chosen their profession? If so, they ought certainly to choose their own studies. Here in Göttingen, the elective system works like a charm. The students are all accurately classified, each having stated, before he was enrolled, the subject or subjects he wishes to study. He has no time to select the easiest courses of study; nor, if he had the time, has he the disposition to do so, his sole object being, not a degree, but knowledge in a particular department. There is no uncertainty about a man's choice; one is a geologist; another is a student of modern languages; a third is a theologian, etc. There is also little or no rivalry between the professors in different departments of the same university. One professor may have, as is said here, a small college; another, a large college; but each has all the students he can attract to the university, and no more. However high his reputation may be, or however easy he may make his course, the professor of modern languages, for example, cannot attract students from the museum of natural history. The only course left open to him is to draw students of modern languages from other universities, or from the country.

I have already said that a German student is considered and treated as a man—is expected to choose for himself not only between different studies, but also between play and work. Just here it seems to me to be found both the weakest and the strongest point of the German university system. Pleasure being an elective, too many are inclined to pursue that course. The number of those who work faithfully seems to me to be comparatively much smaller here than in America. The examination is yet so far off that its stimulating power is reduced to a minimum, or to zero. Just here, also, lies the chief strength of the system. Students who work, do so not for a de-

gree, not to pass an examination, not from any outside stimulus, but solely from choice. They seek only knowledge, and that, too, for its own sake. It is true, one will be a lawyer, another a physician, and a third a professor; but they are regarded at the university as seekers after knowledge, not as lawyers, etc., in embryo. The law reigns in the gymnasium, but only as a school-master, to prepare the boys for the principle of love which reigns in the university. It is this pursuit of knowledge for its own sake which leads in Germany to so many important original investigations and discoveries. America is practical; she seeks knowledge in order to convert it into money, or into some useful invention. Hence it is that most scientific discoveries spring from Germany, and most inventions from America. The American professor has little or no time for original investigations; he is simply a teacher. American boys want only a practical education, and that, too, in the shortest possible time. The primary object is meat and raiment. It is the weakest part of the American system of education. "Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?" The Germans seek first knowledge, development, culture; in other words, to draw out and strengthen the faculties, well knowing that the boy who can use his arm, his eye, his mind, and his heart, need "take no thought," saying, "What shall I eat?" Surely, the best preparation for active life is to have the body, mind and heart well-developed. Our life depends very little on what we have or possess, or simply retain in the memory; but a great deal on what we are. Hence, even in a German gymnasium, mind, heart, and not useful information, is the primary object. The mind is a faculty to be enlarged and strengthened, not a wooden vessel to be filled.

The methods pursued in a German university are good. As taught here, science affords intellectual discipline of the very highest kind. It is no mere process of cramming. The main question, kept constantly before the mind, is not how much, but simply how. How to study nature, how to question her, how to test the laws of nature for one's self, this is kept constantly in the foreground. Science becomes thus an inspiration when one learns how to work, and when one deals, not with dead books, but with the living forces of nature. To find practically the specific gravity of one substance, to determine and use the atomic weight of one element, to analyze one plant, and assign it to its proper place in the vegetable kingdom, are worth more than merely committing to memory all that has ever been written on science. A school-mistress, not one hundred miles from Boston, was once very much surprised that a learned professor did not for the moment recollect the atomic weight of a certain element; and the professor was, in turn, very much surprised to find that she knew them all by heart, but knew nothing more about them. For her purpose any other numbers would have answered equally well. What students require, both in America and Germany, in the school as well as in the university, is not simply a parrot-like knowledge of what has been done by others, but rather and chiefly a practical knowledge of the methods to be employed in scientific investigations. Only when this method of teaching science becomes universal in our schools and colleges, can we hope to rival Germany in scientific discoveries.

There is no prescribed course of study in a German university, or rather, all that is known is the prescribed course, and students elect whatever part they please. To a student who wishes to master any given subject, this system offers unsurpassed advantages. It fosters and encourages original research, by allowing both professor and student to work wherever taste or curiosity may lead. It is, in fact, just what America needs, a want that the Boston "School of All Sciences" and the Johns Hopkins University propose to meet. Why should hundreds of American graduates come to Germany every year in pursuit of knowledge denied them at home? The ordinary American college is doing a noble work, and cannot be expected to assume this new responsibility. The so-called post-graduate courses are, as every one knows, little more than a farce, the ordinary course requiring all the professor's time and attention. Harvard reads the signs of the times aright, and is preparing to devote her energies to this higher work. Under these circumstances, the student will soon find at home advantages fully equal to those which he now finds in Germany, and Prof. F. W. Clarke's assertion, that America occupies a low position in science, will no longer be true. The Methodist Church must not fall behind in this work. She should have at least one School of All Science. The other schools and colleges must not be neglected; on the contrary, they must be made even more efficient. What a large post-graduate class the Methodist colleges could supply every year! What a large reflex influence such a class would exert every year on the colleges and schools!

There are in Göttingen a great many societies, composed entirely of students. What is their object? How do students spend their time in these societies? As German students pass in America for a very superior class of men, we may reasonably expect a superior programme of exercises. Although the sessions are held with closed doors, and the societies may, therefore, be called secret, the programme is no secret. On the contrary, it is well known. The programme is simply beer, the scene

an ale-house, and the profits all go to the man who rents the room and supplies the beer. An old and distinguished professor's birthday is sometimes honored in the same way, the professors themselves taking part in the exercises, but leaving before Bacchus has obtained complete supremacy. There are also many corps-students, men of honor, who struggle hard to keep alive in the world the spirit of chivalry. They are taught the use of the sword by the university fencing-master, and as they find no real use for their art, the rest of the world having quite as much honor as themselves, they practice on each other. To give the affair a more serious aspect, they contrive to jostle each other on the side-walk, the result of which is a challenge given and accepted. The affair rarely proves fatal, the duellists seeking only to imprint a mark of honor on their antagonists' cheek or nose. Englishmen and Americans are seldom challenged; they take the matter too seriously, the former, as I have been told, using their fists, and the latter a pistol, too effectively. What a pity honor does not take a more useful and manly direction! Only this semester, the father of one of these men of honor felt compelled to advertise in the newspapers that he would no longer be responsible for his son's debts.

J. W. RAVELL.

### Editorial Items.

The *Editorial Seminars* of Boston and Andover, with the Baptist Seminary at Newton, Nov. 1, for the purpose of promoting good fellowship and denominational union. The exercises held in the Baptist Church were opened with prayer by Rev. Dr. Hovey, president of the Newey seminary. Dr. Caldwell, who fills the chair of homiletics, followed in a brief address of welcome, alluding to the appropriateness of the time. Nov. 1, being the day set apart for a thousand years in the Catholic Church as All Saint's Day. Rev. President Robinson, of Brown University, selected to represent the Baptist Theological School, addressed the young ministry on the function of the preacher, which is not so much to save souls as to build up the Church in Christian character. His remarks were replete with rich thoughts, the fruit of deep experience. Professor Joseph Cook followed in behalf of the Congregational brotherhood. He considered mainly the mutual interrelations of pulpit and pew, and the pastor's work among the unchurched masses. At the conclusion of the service in the church the students separated for short class prayer-meetings. An hour was spent in delightful social intercourse and strolls over the beautiful grounds, after which all partook of the bountiful collation in the seminary dining-room. The after dinner toasts and speeches were the richest treat of the occasion. Dr. Townsend, of Boston, whose fine line brought down the house, Professor Smith of Andover, and Professor Gould of Newton, spoke as representatives of their respective schools. Speeches were also made by Rev. Dr. Lattimer, Professor Thayer, Dr. Warren of the Baptist Missionary Union, Rev. A. J. Gordon, Dr. Webb and others.

The *Catholic World*, which is the ablest American periodical publication of the Roman Catholic Church in the country, and of far the most general interest, has a varied list of subjects for November. The opening paper seeks to show the distinctions between a true mystical theology and a false one, affirming that the latter, in the estimation of the writer, gave countenance to, if it was not the parent of, the German Reformation. A warm description is given of the Spanish city of Avila, and of Sister Teresa, its indigenous saint. A hearty admirer writes of six sunny months in Frascati. The writer of text-books in Catholic colleges considers an important topic, and shows how exclusively Rome demands the culture of her youths to be carried on. How Rome stands to-day shows with what different eyes we gaze sometimes upon a common object. Only the restoration of temporal power solves the painful problem in the mind of the devout Catholic writer. The periodical is interesting to a Protestant reader as a fair and frank interpretation of modern Romanism.

We publish in our advertising columns the prospectus of the *Northwestern Christian Advocate*. It has always been an able sheet, but was never more ably edited than at present. It has positive views of our ecclesiastical polity and certain suggested reforms, and heartily advocates them. These opinions, however, are calmly presented in its columns, and very ably sustained, while opposing views are treated with entire respect. One of the Conferences of which it is the organ—the Central New York—by a vote of one hundred and twelve to one, disapproved of the basis of fraternity, as accepted by the commissioners of both Churches, as unconstitutional and unwise, and Dr. Warren has vigorously maintained his position. Neither the Conference or the editor, however, opposes fraternity itself. On almost all questions the paper is in harmony with what are called, not always in a complimentary tone, New England ideas. There is not a more loyal paper published in the denomination, or one truer to the country and to humanity. Its departments, especially its family and missionary, are well sustained, and its whole tone is becoming a weekly religious journal, administering to the intellectual and spiritual wants of a large religious community. We see the paper loses temporarily its excellent missionary editor, Rev. J. T. Gracey, who is to be the traveling companion of Bishop Haven, and sailed with him last week.

The *Baptist Quarterly* has an article from Dr. J. A. S. on the subject of the relation of theology to literature, which he treats in a very fresh and instructive manner; Rev. R. S. Burgett, of Portland, contributes an appreciative sketch of the late excellent Prof. H. B. Hackett; Dr. Carpenter of Wisconsin takes a forward look into the Future of Catholic Nations; Rev. Henry M. King of Roxbury, has a useful and suggestive paper upon Education among the Baptists during the last century; while Prof. Hovey takes a general survey of the religious progress in the country during the last one hundred years, chiefly as related to his own denomination. Dr. Samson, of New York, very ably discusses the theories of Modern Evolution. This issue as a Centennial one is largely denominational, but none the less valuable, or of general interest.

We are indebted to the publishers at the Methodist Depository, San Francisco, for a copy of the Minutes of the 24th session of the California Annual Conference, which met at Stockton, Sept. 13-19, under the superintendency of Bishop Harris. It is a well-arranged, full, and interesting document.



Men are sometimes the subjects of morbid impressions as to approaching troubles on the part of their friends and in reference to the hour of their own death; but there is a class of different impressions. They are suddenly and powerfully made upon the mind. They cannot be accounted for by any diseased condition of the soul or body. In the midst of a different train of ideas, as by a flash of light, and fully as vividly and suddenly made, a strong influence bears down upon the mind and asserts its right to be regarded, with almost a divine omnipotence.

A Christian seaman relates a fact that came under his observation. The man at the helm upon a ship at sea, with his course distinctly marked out for him, had an irresistible impulse to vary his direction just a point and a half. There was no reason that he could see for such an impression. It was not certainly the true direction of his voyage; but the impression was overwhelming and he could not control its influence upon him. He turned his ship to the right, and sailed long, before a wreck was sighted, and the remaining portion of its officers and crew were snatched from a terrible death that could not have been much longer averted. Whence came that impression upon the seaman's mind? If from God, what an amazing scope and power is given to his arm, and all the positive laws of the universe!

Many thousands have failed to visit the Centennial Fair. Health or limited means prevented. The loss is not irreparable. John Q. Maynard, esq., well-known in Sunday-school circles, and in the business communities of Worcester and Lyne, an admirable speaker, has a collection of photographic pictures—hundreds of them—finely taken, and powerfully represented on a large sheet, by the stereoscope. We have spent very grateful hours in renewing and fastening the impressions of our two visits, by following the rapidly changing illustrations of Mr. Maynard. The illustrations are, of course, exact. You have the whole display, as you probably would not be able to see it upon a visit, without weariness, with only a slight expense, without the need of a lunch or a rolling chair, sitting in a comfortable seat, with full and clear explanations. By all means attend these entertainments, and bring all the children with you. Last week Mr. Maynard's exhibitions, every afternoon and every evening, drew delighted crowds to Horticultural Hall. They continue this week.

The *International Review* for November and December is one of the most varied in its contents and valuable in its discussions that has thus far been issued. In the authorship of its papers it fully justifies the breadth of its title, and by the specialty into which it is setting down, it abundantly illustrates the occasion of its publication, among our numerous quarters. It has evidently a field, and a wide one, of its own. Dr. E. A. Freeman, whose historical studies are becoming permanent additions to our literature, contributes, as the first paper, an able discussion of the origin of Parliamentary representation in England. Dr. S. Osmond, of New York, gives an interesting review of Frothingham's *Transcendentalism in New England*. Prof. A. D. Guernsey writes intelligently of journals and journalism in Italy. The editor has a very well-written sketch of Philip Gilbert Hamerton—his literary and artistic life. Princess Dora D'Amelia writes upon French Literature of the R-formalism. Dr. J. E. Dornier has a specially valuable contribution upon the evangelical Prussian Church. Prof. E. D. Macfie gives a thoughtful consideration to the Chinese question, taking quite a diverse view from Prof. Townsend, of whose late volume upon the subject he speaks with respect. His review of the question is certainly worthy of careful consideration, and if his positions are sound, the government should interfere and control this Mongolian tide now pouring into our States, and critical departments are well sustained. This large, able, and handsome bi-monthly is published by A. S. Barnes & Co., New York.

The ladies are aspiring to the highest walks of literature, and are well sustained. Mrs. Emily Ford, of Brooklyn, opens the October number of the *New Englander* upon the Influence of the Crusades upon European Literature. S. H. Wilder, of Meriden, Conn., follows with a short, sharp review of Tynan's *Beifast Address*. Dr. Patten, of Chicago, contributes a very able and interesting paper, upon the influence of the Crusades upon the development of the last century, and its influence upon Church and State. Rev. George T. Ladd writes upon the probable modifications of theology as a divine science, in the near future, and the character and modes of its teachers as demanded by the necessities of the hour, in the writer's estimation. It is an earnestly written paper, full of suggestions, and does not commend the readers acceptance of all positions. Professor Carter, of Yale College, gives an interesting review of Lettison's *Version of the Middle German Bible*; Professor Samuel Porter, of the Deaf Mute College, Washington, writes upon Nature as related to Language; Lyell Adams, esq., upon Necessary Truths and the Principles of Identity; Prof. Edward Salisbury upon the relations between Science and Christianity, and Prof. Whitney upon Miller's *Hig Veda* and Commentary. The book notices are not extended, but are generally sufficiently critical.

The students of the academic department of Boston University, with the few visitors that could be accommodated in the small hall on Beacon Street, enjoyed a great treat in the opening lecture of Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. She delivered a course of four, upon representative names in modern fiction. Her first was largely introductory, giving a fine comprehensive sketch of the rise and growth of the literature of the imagination, and ending with a short and warmly appreciative criticism of the writings of George Eliot—the leading writer of fiction, as Miss Phelps esteems Mr. Lewes to be, of modern times. The delivery of Miss Phelps's health and weakness of her lungs forbade the use of a larger hall. Her reading, however, was admirable, distinct, musical, and readily followed. Her lecture was comprehensive, crisp in style, relieved by flashes of wit and strains of humor, holding the eager attention of her delighted hearers, young and old.

The *Bibliotheca Sacra*, which continues to justify its claim to the patronage of every theological scholar of all the Christian denominations, opens this quarter with a paper of more popular interest than the usual contributions to this scholarly quarterly. Rev. J. I. Mombert, D. D., of Philadelphia, gives a very warm and appreciative descriptive criticism of the *Malones of San Sisto*, in the coral gallery at Dresden, Saxony. President Bacon, of the University of Wisconsin, ably reviews Spencer's *Comic Philosophy*. Rev. George F. Wright contributes an exhaustive review of the recent works bearing upon the relation of modern science

to religion, considering, in the present paper, the objections to Darwinism and the rejoinders of its advocates. Prof. G. S. Morris, of Michigan, contributes his University address upon the immortality of the soul. Rev. Samuel Hopkins discourses upon the nature of Cosmogonic Days, interpreting the first two chapters of Genesis. Prof. Francis Brown discusses philosophically the Idea of God in the Soul of Man. Dr. D. W. Simon, of England, criticizes with considerable severity, while expressing warm appreciation of many features of the work, the critical notice of the *Illustrated Bible*. The critical notices are sufficiently full and descriptive to enable readers to determine the value of the works reviewed as additions to the library.

Mr. Warren F. Draper, Andover, is the publisher of this Quarterly and also of a valuable list of theological and critical works.

One of the finest and most profitable of evening entertainments is the illustrated lecture of Mr. William I. Marshall, upon his trip to Wonderland. In it, he describes his personal observations and adventures in the Yellowstone National Park—the most remarkable collection of natural and surprising developments in this country. Beyond his clear and entertaining address, is the effect of his hundreds of pictures, taken on the spot, and shown through an excellent stereoscope. Such a lecture is both more entertaining and infinitely more valuable than the mass of humorous and frivolous discourses which was the hour and the money of weary audiences. Be sure and write to Mr. W. I. Marshall, Fitchburg, Mass., or to the Williams' Lecture Bureau, 235 Washington Street, Boston, and secure his services.

The *Universalist Quarterly* for October opens with a fine essay upon an excellent theme, by Rev. A. D. Mayo—*Beauty in Common Life*. The second article is a review of Bunsen's *Egypt's Place in History*. Dr. G. T. Flanders gives an interesting account of the Avesta and the Zoroastrians. Prof. Cone reviews Immanuel's *Heremeneutics of the New Testament*. Rev. Edward Smith gives a translation of contrasts between Luther and Schleiermacher as preachers. Rev. H. L. Cushman shows the ability and success of Dr. James Marineau in meeting the materialistic theories of Tyndall. Rev. A. S. John Chamber writes upon the Poity of the Universalist Church. The editorial and critical work of the review is amply and ably done.

The *Popular Science Monthly* for November has a portrait and sketch of Dr. Arnold. Prof. Edward S. Morse, who has of late responded in one of our city pulpits to Rev. Mr. Cook's lectures upon Modern Materialism, has the honor of being, an able and careful student in natural science, contributes, as an opening paper, his address before the American Association, upon the American zoologists have done for evolution—which is a very good résumé of the subject upon the affirmative side of the question. The other papers are, Early history of the Physical Science in English schools, Parental and infantile culture, Prof. Huxley's lectures illustrated, The moon's influence upon the weather, Difficulties of development as applied to man, the so-called conflict of science and religion, by Principal Dawson, which is particularly sensible, Is the development hypothesis sufficient? by Dr. McCosh, etc. The editorial department is always varied and valuable.

Hon. Enoch L. Fancher has published in a pamphlet form a very able argument in answer to the action of the Central New York Conference protesting against the basis upon which the plan for fraternality between the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church South rests. It shows upon the whole that the latter can be properly called a legitimate branch of Episcopal Methodism, that this legitimacy had been often officially affirmed by the M. E. Church; that without its admission there could necessarily be no open fraternality, that the right of withdrawal from voluntary Church relations cannot be denied, but does not bestow any right of appropriating common property, which was the main point in the late great civil suit between the Churches. The discussion is conducted in admirable temper, and marked with the calmness, clearness and fullness of references to authorities, characterizing the legal papers of its cultivated author. The tract is published by Samuel Hamilton's Son, 61 Cedar Street, N. Y.

The Melbourne *Spectator*, Australia, has a good story of one of the pioneer Wesleyan ministers. One of them, it says, had occasion to call at the blacksmith's shop of an out-of-the-way country place to get a small job of work done. After it was finished he asked what was to pay. The somewhat surprised blacksmith promptly replied, "Oh, it's not much—just remember me to your prayers." "Very well," replied the preacher, "as my motto is 'Pay as you go,' I'll just settle the bill now." And down upon their knees went the whole party, and then and there the smithy was made to read with the genuine Methodist ring from the lips of the minister. The whole of the blacksmith's shop was filled with the sound of the hammer and the anvil, and the smithy was made to read with the genuine Methodist ring from the lips of the minister. The whole of the blacksmith's shop was filled with the sound of the hammer and the anvil, and the smithy was made to read with the genuine Methodist ring from the lips of the minister.

The Democratic papers, especially of New Hampshire, have given wide circulation to a malignant slander against Rev. J. Pike, D. D., which first appeared in the *Boston Post*, and which was afterwards honorably retracted by that paper. The country papers added to the first charge the most false, unmanly, and un-Christian traits against one of the most honorable, honest and sincere of citizens and clergymen. His own State of New Hampshire has ever held him in high esteem, and honored him with responsible positions. Such vile and malicious slanders only react upon their unprincipled propagators, and bring down upon them the reprobation of all true men. This card explains the whole matter.

A CARD.  
To the Editor of the *Boston Post*:  
My attention has just been called to an article in your paper of the 25th inst., under the heading of "Another Revelation," containing statements concerning myself which are not true.  
You affirm that in the year 1872 I was the Republican candidate for Governor of New Hampshire, which is not the fact.  
You assert that during that year I obtained \$5,000 from the *Centennial Savings Bank* of Washington, whereas I never at any time, directly or indirectly, obtained for any purpose any funds from that institution.  
You insinuate by various forms of expression that I procured and used money corruptly for political purposes. I have done neither.  
It is not in your power to repair the cruel wrong and injustice you have done me by your article. Another Revelation. I have been inserted without due consideration I trust you will withdraw its charges and publish this respectfully.  
JAMES PIKE.  
South Newmarket, N. H., Oct. 31, 1876.  
The card of Rev. James Pike of South Newmarket, N. H., which is published in another column, corrects an error into which the *Post* was led by statements from high,

but, as we now learn, mistaken authority. The facts appear to be that the note of Mr. Pike, found by the "examiners of the President's Savings Bank," was never negotiated; that Mr. Pike did not obtain his accommodation of that bank; and that no case exists for connecting him with the recalcitrance of that institution, or for reflecting in any way injuriously upon his character as an honorable man and a respected minister of the Gospel.  
—Boston Post.

We are glad to say that the names of many new subscribers have been forwarded by preachers who have recommended the *HERALD* to their people. A little special effort on the part of our ministers will secure many more. Do not fail, dear brethren, to aid all that it is possible in circulating your own paper.

The telegraph represented the address of Rev. J. Johns, delivered some weeks since at the New York Preachers' Meeting, upon the Hippodrome Revival, as a very savage and unqualified denunciation of men and measures. The essay is now published by N. Tibbels & Sons, New York. It is, on the whole, warmly commendatory of the evangelists and their work. It criticizes a few minor modes, and suggests a few growing evils in modern revival measures. The whole paper is a fervent, somewhat florid, thoroughly earnest and awakening tract adapted to revival work and revival times.

The *Observer and Evangelist* pay impressive and deserved tributes of respect to the memory of the late Dr. Melancthon W. Jacobus, of the Western Theological Seminary at Allegheny, Pa. He died suddenly, Oct. 28. He is well-known in the religious world, both by his exegetical works upon the New Testament, and by the honored positions to which he has been elected in the Presbyterian Church.

This year is the Centennial Thanksgiving. We are glad the New England custom of setting apart such a day has become national. Let it be worthily regarded this year. Read the admirable proclamation of the President, printed in another column. Let some adequate religious services, in every sanctuary, sanctify either the day or the occasion. Would that there might be a universal observance of the day!

Rev. J. M. Buckley, D. D., has been meeting a few engagements to lecture in some of his old pulpits in New England, and upon platforms where previous addresses have awakened a strong desire to hear him again. He brought a fresh breath of stirring life into the office last week.

We are sorry to learn of the affliction of Rev. L. H. Hanson, of Dexter, Me. He has been laid with diphtheria two children—a boy and girl—and the youngest child is not expected to live. The rest of the family are now doing well. Our hearty sympathies are with the stricken family of our friend.

Thanks to the librarians of the Boston Public Library for Bulletin No. 39, of the valuable series, regularly issued and full of information as to the new and rare accessions to this noble collection of books.

George W. Frost, esq., of Omaha, Nebraska, formerly a member of the New England Conference, dropped in upon us a day last week. He is in fine health, and is an excellent illustration of what the West can do for a vigorous Yankee.

Rev. Obadiah Huse, formerly of the Maine Conference, now a local preacher in Evanson, Ill., has been visiting his daughter in this vicinity. His Maine friends will be glad to hear of his continued health and usefulness.

Dr. Henry W. Warren, of Brooklyn, delivered a lecture in the regular town course at Gloucester, Mass., last week, and made a short and pleasant call in passing through the city.

The *Atlantic* for November has a very graphic description of a successful attempt to reach the summit of Taklimak, 14,444 feet in height, overlooking Puget Sound.

Rev. Messrs. Jones of Brunswick, and Grovernor of Richmond, Me.—the former on his way to, and the latter from, the Centennial, made us a pleasant call last week.

Dr. Hoyt of the *Western* has a thoughtful word to the Conference on the ratio of representation, upon our third page.

Notes from the Churches.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The annual Sunday-school Convention of Boston District was held on last Wednesday, November 1st, in Saratoga Street Church, East Boston. There was a very good representation of the schools. Hon. E. Beecher was elected President. Rev. F. F. F. and Rev. J. S. Carter, vice presidents, and Rev. J. S. Carter, secretary. Reports were made from the Saratoga Street, Broadway, Meridian Street, Dorchester, West Quincy, Walnut Street, Everett, Newton, Mattick, Mt. Belleming, Eggleston Square, West Medway, Bromfield Street and Neponset schools. The following reports were made: "Concordia" by L. B. Bates; "Pastor's Place in the Sunday-school," by N. T. Whitaker; "Methods of Opening and Conducting Sunday-schools," by A. S. Weed; "How to Conduct a Teacher's Class," by R. R. Meredith; "How to Study a Lesson," by Miss Helen C. Steele. The essays were discussed, criticized and commended by a number of the ministers and laymen.

In the evening addresses were delivered as follows: "Relation of Childhood to the Church," by S. L. Belier; "Conversion of Children," by S. L. Whedon, and "Efficiency in Teaching," by H. A. Cleveland. It was a very interesting and profitable occasion, and much was lost by the absent ones.  
Resolved, That the one and drawback on the usefulness of our Sunday-schools is the shameful prevalent habit of the scholars to absent themselves from the preaching-service. We are filled with sorrow and alarm when we see them turn away by hundreds from the house of God while their parents are entering; and we earnestly implore the parents to never cease exposing to parents and teachers, and to the scholars themselves, the ruinous consequences of this course, until, through the blessing of God, it shall be abandoned, and we shall see our children sitting by families in the house of God, as they did in the days of our fathers.  
2. That we express our disapprobation of the growing custom of filling our Sunday school libraries with works which may be charged with the great responsibility of making selections for the same, to have a care for the spiritual interests of the young.  
3. That we should earnestly desire and definitely aim at the salvation of the children entrusted to our care and guidance, and that we should hold our work as incomplete till they are made savingly acquainted with Christ.  
S. L. BELIER, Secretary.

**Lucile Seminary, Abundant.**—The lecture of Wednesday evening, Nov. 2, by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, before the young women of this school, was about "Superfluous Women." She held the audience perfectly while for an hour and a half she put, with irresistible force, fact upon fact, reason upon reason, and eloquent description upon earnest appeal, convincing many yet unconvinced (and fortifying all already of her mind) that women should not be educated for marriage solely (her description of a happy marriage was a beautiful thing), but in a wider way, by industrial schools and trainings in every possible line for a self-supporting life. She showed the girls that at least thirty-three per cent. of them need not expect marriage, and that they, even in marriage, should be fitted for an independent work. Full of good things, given in Mrs. Livermore's masterful way, the lecture was all too short. Red-hot shot were poured on Dr. E. H. Clark and Dr. Maudsley. We reckon one of the most precious advantages of these students to be the opportunity to hear from their own mouths such wide-awake thoughts of such thinkers and workers, as before them in the administration of courses of lectures arranged by this seminary. Ex-Gov. Wm. Claflin gives the next lecture, Nov. 22.

MAINE.

Items.—Mr. Eben Sawyer, a well-known and highly respectable citizen of Augusta, died very suddenly of apoplexy, October 20, aged 76 years.

Dr. James Varnum, of Starks, died October 20, aged 85 years. He was a man much esteemed and eminent in his profession. It is said that in a practice of sixty years he never sued or distressed a debtor. He had been treasurer of Somerset county, had served several terms in the Legislature, besides filling other important positions of trust.

Ex-Mayor Caldwell of Augusta, for several years past assistant State treasurer, died suddenly Saturday, Oct. 21. Mr. C. was a man of high respectability, and one who will be greatly missed in business circles.

Sixteen liquor nuisances, mostly from Waterville, were indicted at the October term of the Supreme Court at Augusta. Abby Moring, of Augusta, was indicted for liquor selling whose husband is serving a six months' sentence for the same offense.

The pastor of the Court Street Baptist Church, Lewiston, Rev. D. DePew, resigned his pastorate Oct. 15.

The K-nebec county jail contains forty persons—the largest number since the war; but nearly all of them are at work.

Rev. Dr. Sheldon, pastor of the Unitarian Church, Waterville, has tendered his resignation to take effect Dec. 31, and his resignation has been accepted.

All the banks in Augusta have contributed to the fund for the benefit of the widow and child of the late J. L. Hayward, acting cashier of the National Bank of Northfield, Me.

Rev. R. Wissel, who has been pastor of the Catholic Church in Augusta for the past year, has been transferred to Biddeford where he will assume the charge of the French Catholic Society in that city.

The Methodist Society in Farmington have contracted for the building of their new church which is to be completed by Sept. 1, 1877. The building is to cost from \$10,000 to \$12,000.

The Maine Sunday-school convention and institute of the Universalist denomination was held at Skowhegan, Wednesday and Thursday, Nov. 1 and 2.

Mrs. Lydia Pierce, of Brunswick, recently deceased, leaves by will the sum of \$1,000 to establish a scholarship in Bowdoin College in memory of her son, the late Elias D. Pierce.

Rev. D. B. Randall, of Saccapaw, baptized six persons and received eleven into his Church last month. Many more of the converts of last winter are waiting for baptism and Church membership. The interest in the social meetings has not abated one whit since last winter. Brother Randall's health is somewhat improving.

Rev. J. A. Strong is holding a series of revival meetings at Woodford's Corner with encouraging success.

The revival interest still continues on Chebeague Island. Eighteen have risen for prayers during the past two weeks. Brother Cole is ceaseless in labors.

Rev. W. H. Feen, for several years pastor of the High Street Congregational Church, Portland, sent in his resignation, Oct. 29. Mr. Feen has been one of the leading clergymen of the city, and will be greatly missed should he leave his present pastorate.

Several clergymen of adjoining Churches have been assisting Rev. Wm. Whittemore, of East Limington, in a series of revival meetings.

The annual meeting of the Maine General Hospital was held in Portland, Nov. 2d. The report shows that 367 patients have been admitted into the hospital the past year, and 146 discharged. President, Rev. F. F. F. and Rev. J. S. Carter, vice presidents, and Rev. J. S. Carter, secretary. Reports were made from the Saratoga Street, Broadway, Meridian Street, Dorchester, West Quincy, Walnut Street, Everett, Newton, Mattick, Mt. Belleming, Eggleston Square, West Medway, Bromfield Street and Neponset schools. The following reports were made: "Concordia" by L. B. Bates; "Pastor's Place in the Sunday-school," by N. T. Whitaker; "Methods of Opening and Conducting Sunday-schools," by A. S. Weed; "How to Conduct a Teacher's Class," by R. R. Meredith; "How to Study a Lesson," by Miss Helen C. Steele. The essays were discussed, criticized and commended by a number of the ministers and laymen.

The 25th anniversary of the dedication of Preble Chapel was observed Oct. 29th. Addresses were made by Mr. F. S. Pullen, Dr. Hill, Rev. C. W. Buck and others. This chapel is under the auspices of the Unitarian Churches of Portland.

Rev. F. F. Pease, pastor of the M. E. Church at Falmouth and Cumberland, has been greatly afflicted in the death of his oldest son.

The foundation of the academy, to be erected and presented to the town of Gray by Mr. Pennell of Gray, has been laid, and preparations are being made to put up the building next season.

On a recent Wednesday evening the citizens of the town of Gray were favored with a lecture upon the Science of Music, delivered by Rev. H. W. Bolton, of Lewiston. This is the second lecture delivered by Mr. Bolton in Bath, and on both occasions the speaker received credit upon himself, and furnished a source of pleasure, gratification and profit to his audience.

EAST MAINE.

The State Board of Agriculture met at Fryeburg, Me., Nov. 1. The afternoon hour was taken up by members of the Agricultural College. The members of the sophomore class gave recitations under the direction of the farm superintendent upon the

"Elements of Agriculture," presenting the practical method of their course of instruction. Essays upon agriculture and scientific subjects were also read by members of the Junior class. The evolutions in military tactics by all the students displayed commendable proficiency. An appeal in behalf of the college was earnestly presented by Mr. Barrows, late a member of the Board from Fryeburg. President Allen's lecture in the evening upon the necessity of a liberal education to make successful farmers was eminently scholarly, and was received with much satisfaction.

Bangor.—Sunday, October 29th, Rev. S. H. Bangor, of Bangor, visited four churches in our city in aid of orphans. The total collections considerably exceeded two hundred dollars, and were equally divided between Baldwin Place House, Bangor, and the orphan house in this city.

The Swedish population numbers nearly one hundred in Bangor. They are temperate, industrious people, and are classed among our best adopted fellow-citizens. Rev. A. M. Ahgren, a Swedish clergyman of Hartford, Conn., has recently visited this city and held frequent religious services among them in their native language. A gracious revival has been the result of his labors, and some twenty hopeful conversions are reported at this date. Mr. A. is just now employed in revival labors among his fellow-countrymen at New Sweden, Maine.

Rev. Dr. N. Butler, formerly pastor of the Second Baptist Church, Bangor, has been called to the pastorate of the Baptist Church at Townsend, Vt., and will soon enter upon his labors in that place. W. L. B.

The North Castine camp-meeting was a season of large religious enjoyment to the Church, and of saving mercy to many who came to the meeting unconverted and praising the Lord. Such was the interest at the close of the week, that a grove-meeting was opened on the ground on the Monday following, and continued with much profit for four days. A praying band was organized, which, in connection with the pastors, has been holding special religious services in the neighborhoods contiguous to the campground. Their labors in the Lord have not been in vain.

A number of conversions through the influence of the East Machias camp-meeting and the labors of the pastor of the Methodist Church in Cooper, have enlarged the membership of that Church. On Sunday, Oct. 29, five were baptized by the pastor; thirty-one in the love-feast gave testimony to the power of Jesus Christ to save; and forty-two received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper.

We hear it reported that Rev. J. H. Blair, of Milltown, St. Stephen, has received and accepted a call from the Congregationalist Church in Rockland.

The work of revival is still advancing in the Methodist Church in Machias. The pastor and Church at East Machias are encouraged with a few merry drops, in the salvation of souls. C. A. F.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Gleanings.—Rev. J. H. Haines, of the M. E. Church in Exeter, is seeking laborers and blessed. The Spirit of the Lord is being poured upon the people. Within a few weeks quite a number have been saved. Several have been baptized of late, and October 29th twelve were received into the Church. On the same day, Rev. Dr. Barrows, Presiding Elder, preached an impressive and powerful sermon on "The Value of the Soul."

At the Main Street M. E. Church, Great Falls, on October 22d, a number were baptized by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Montgomery. Conditional additions are being made to this Church, and at the social religious meetings the vestry is crowded. Sabbath congregations continue very large.

Bishop Haven lectured in Manchester, November 1st, in the "Tabernacle Course" gotten up by Rev. J. Benson Hamilton. His theme was "The Presence of God," and of the lecture the Manchester papers speak in high praise.

The New Hampshire Branch of the Woman's Board of Missions held its annual meeting in Manchester, October 26th. To this Branch there are one hundred and ten auxiliaries in the State. It is now supporting sixty women teachers, and sixty-one schools. The exercises of the meeting were varied and interesting. Mrs. Dr. Robie, of Greenland, was re-elected president for the coming year.

The First Baptist Church of Manchester has engaged Rev. Dr. Cummings, of Concord, as a stated supply. Notwithstanding the Doctor's advanced age, he is vigorous in body and mind, and his services for the Sabbath are much sought after.

Rev. Charles A. Holbrook, who for some time has been supplying the Episcopal Church in Portsmouth, has been invited to become permanent rector, with a larger salary.

Rev. Franklin Davis, Congregationalist, has received a call to Tamworth, and accepted it.

Rev. J. W. Beard, of South Greenland, Mass., has been invited to become rector of the St. Thomas Episcopal Church of Dover.

The Episcopal Church in Keene was lately broken into by villains, who drank the communion wine and robbed the poor boxes.

The praying-band of Nashua, who have been assisting Rev. J. F. Spalding, of Londonderry, report an increasing interest there. The conversion of a former Universalist minister, with his wife, has made a deep impression in the community, and the work seems to be spreading. Mr. Spalding is in labors abundant, and has earned the success he is seeing on his charge. H.

(Continued on 4th page.)

THE WEEK.

A dispatch from Rome announces the death of Cardinal Antonelli.—Cone, the accused in the Tamworth tragedy, has been convicted, and sentenced to thirty years' hard labor in the New Hampshire prison.—Messrs. Ross and Munro, Scotch evangelists, who have had such wonderful success in their own country, are now holding daily meetings at Gospel Hall, 34 Essex Street.—Mr. H. O. Houghton, founder of the River-side Press, enjoyed a pleasant gathering at his home in Cambridge, recently, and the congratulations of numerous friends, on the fortieth anniversary of his beginning in business.—Mr. A. M. Gay, head master of Boston Latin School, died last week.—An accident occurred on the North Pennsylvania road, near Bethlehem, last Wednesday, by which two persons were killed and several injured.—Spiritual manifestations, so-called, were most completely and satisfactorily exposed, by Mr. W. I. Bishop, of New York, in a public meeting, held in Music Hall of this city, on Saturday evening. Every trick was performed and the whole imposture shown up, in the presence of Prof. W. Holmes and Harvard, of Harvard College, and other scientific gentlemen, and a large audience.—There are encouraging prospects of peace in Russia. Turkey has accepted the armistice proposed by Russia.

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## THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Fourth Quarter.

Sunday, November 19.  
Lesson VIII. Acts ix, 31-43.

BY REV. W. E. HUNTINGTON.

DORCAS RESTORED TO LIFE.

While the task of the early apostles seems to have been a most arduous one, yet their cause received wonderful help and vindication at times. The history we are following leads us, in this lesson, into a period of rest and growth for the Church. And it is just at this season of peace, that we find the supernatural events of miracles and visions taking place, to add powerful impulses to the progress of the kingdom of truth. The story of Dorcas is an exceedingly touching episode, and reveals the character of a saintly woman, who, from her active benevolence, was worthy to be called a deaconess in the early Church.

Then had the Churches rest, etc. Saul, the persecutor, had been converted. The order of Caligula, that his own image should be set up in the temple, diverted the Jews, who sharply opposed such an outrage, from their persecution of Christians; and in this season of comparative rest, the Churches in Canaan flourished. This is the first mention of Christian Churches in Galilee, the native home of the apostles.

And were edified—were built up in faith, in spiritual completeness and power. The Greek term used, does not apply to the mere increase of numbers, nor to the enlargement and perfecting of organization, but to growth, or up-building in grace.

Walking in the fear of the Lord. The conduct of the membership of these early Churches was discreet, as was becoming to those who feared to bring reproach upon the cause of their living Master.

And in the comfort of the Holy Ghost were multiplied. These words belong together. "In the comfort of the Holy Ghost," is the cause of their being "multiplied." The Paraclete, the Comforter, the Author of the Pentecostal increase, was still blessing those who preached Jesus, giving them souls for their hire.

As Peter passed throughout all quarters. The foremost apostle as yet, Peter, keeps the whole mission field under his eye. He is "primate" of the early Church, not by ecclesiastical appointment, but by the energy and devotion which gave him a natural pre-eminence among equals. He went about among the Churches as a chief pastor, to encourage the different companies of Christians. This visitation of the Churches probably occurred just after Paul left Jerusalem for Caesarea and Tarsus (verse 30).

The saints which dwell at Lydda—A town of Phenicia, situated in the tribe of Ephraim, one day's journey from Jerusalem. It is on the maritime plain, anciently called Sharon, a fruitful valley which lies between Caesarea and Joppa. The modern name of this place is Lidd or Ludd, a prosperous Mohammedan town. The water course outside the town is said still to bear the name of *Abi-Dutrus* (Peter), in memory of the apostle.

A certain man named Eneas. Little is said of this man, who was, perhaps, a Greek or a Hellenistic Jew, and probably a believer.

Sick of the palsy. For eight years he had been prostrated by a disease that made him helpless.

Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. Peter addresses the sick Eneas in these confident terms. It is not unlikely that Peter had been talking with him about his affliction, comforting him by prayer and advice; and the faith of Eneas being aroused by the apostle's help, Peter had boldness to venture upon this faith-cure.

Arise, and make thy bed. Do what it has been impossible for thee to do for eight weary years. Faith undertakes what would be called by reason impossibilities. Eneas, have faith! Peter's faith alone would not have been sufficient; the sick man must have faith, and his faith must be prompt, decisive, active.

And he arose immediately. He obeyed Peter, and the blessing came. The instrumentalities were adequate. The miracle was performed, no doubt, not merely for the physical restoration of Eneas, but also to give him a larger and more unhesitating faith; and not to convince him alone but many others also.

All that dwell at Lydda and Saron, etc. This wonderful cure of a well-known paralytic was the beginning of a great awakening in Lydda and the valley of Sharon. Facts are more powerful than mere arguments, in forcing conviction upon disbelievers. One marked case of a sinner converted to God, is worth more in any community than many sermons, in demonstrating the power of the Christian religion. The testimony of facts is the basis of success for Christ's kingdom. When a drunkard, or a profane man, or a scoffer, loses his soul-disease by faith, and is restored to spiritual health, no one can doubt that there is a transforming power in Him whose Arm faith touches.

It is probable that a large majority of the inhabitants of this region became believers at this time—"all," will bear such a limitation. Saron is thought by some to refer to a village of that name. It is quite likely, however, that a part of the plain Sharon (the spelling a little changed) is designated.

A certain disciple named Tabitha—a Chaldean name which means a gazelle. Her home was at Joppa, the modern Jaffa, situated on the Mediterranean sea, a very ancient city of the Philistines, the sea-port of Jerusalem, from which it is distant forty-five miles to the northwest.

Dorcas—this is the Greek name for Tabitha. Her Hebrew friends called her by the Syriac name, and the Greeks, by the Grecian name.

Full of good works and alms-deeds. She was a benefactor, and had scattered her charities freely among the needy. She was a Christian of the St. James school—having exercised a working faith.

She was sick and died—just at this time while Peter was in the neighborhood. Her death caused great sorrow. When a busy life, a life full of charitable service stops short, there will be a large circle to mourn. So the death of Dorcas cast a gloom over the town.

They laid her in an upper chamber. After the customary washing, the body was placed in this room where it was to await interment.

Forasmuch as Lydda was nigh, etc.—about six miles from Joppa.

They sent unto him (Peter) two men. The fame of the apostle had filled the whole region of Sharon. He was known as the great preacher, a worker of miracles, and, more than that, as a staunch friend. We can only infer the purpose for which Peter was summoned. It seems probable that there was, at least, a very strong desire among Tabitha's friends, perhaps so deep a wish as to have been unexpressed, that he would work a miracle. They knew that he would at least be their best human comfort in this sorrow.

When he was come, they brought him, etc., which seems as if they were willing to give him an opportunity to perform the greatest of miracles.

All the widows stood by him weeping. Those whom Dorcas had befriended mourned bitterly. She had visited the "widows in their affliction," and so fulfilled the law of pure and undefiled religion. In dispensing her charities she had been so wise and good, that none of her beneficiaries had been repelled by a cold-hearted beneficence; they had loved her as a sympathizing and helpful friend. The giving hand ought to reach upward, not downward; then the receiver will not feel a pang with the gift.

Showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made. These precious mementoes of their lost benefactress were the more invaluable because made by her own diligent hand. Those garments which were shown to Peter were only specimens of her charitable work—the imperfect tense of the Greek verb is expressive—"which Dorcas was accustomed to make."

Peter put them all forth. Great spiritual undertakings demand solitude. We have Jesus' example for it. Peter, like Elisha, who restored to life the Shunammite's son, and like his Lord who raised the ruler's daughter, entered alone into the mystery and the miracle of raising the dead to life.

Kneeling down and prayed. Jesus also had laid an example to Peter in this, for in raising Lazarus He first prayed; as Benson well remarks—"Christ's prayer was with the authority of a Son, who quickens whom He will; Peter's with the submission of a servant who is under direction, and therefore he knelt down when he offered it."

Tabitha, arise! Simple words, yet so vital with faith that the dead heard. Peter's prayer had put him into perfect accord with the divine will. So these words of authority came with God's power in them.

When she saw Peter she sat up. Like waking from a profound sleep suddenly, she looks with inquiring eyes into Peter's face. Bewildered with the life she had just forgotten in death, she rises upon her bier, and sits before her restorer.

When he had called the saints, etc. We can scarcely realize the joy that this restoration must have caused. What the feelings of the one raised must have been, we are not permitted to know; but to those who mourned so bitterly, the joy must have been deep, and yet, considering the solemnity of the act, even the joy was subdued by awe.

Many believed in the Lord. Again, a miracle was the cause of many conversions.

He tarried . . . with one Simon, a tanner. Peter found an open door in Joppa, and took up his abode with a tanner, one whose occupation was regarded by scrupulous Jews as unclean. Peter had lost part of his prejudice, at least.

From the Notes.

Berean Lesson Series, November 19.

1 What causes may be assigned for the "rest" which the Churches now enjoyed?

2 How did Peter show himself a "primate" of the early Church?

3 Tell the story of the cure of Eneas.

4 Did he exercise faith in order to be healed?

5 Who was Dorcas?

6 Was her restoration to life the first miracle of the kind performed by an apostle?

7 Where were these miracles necessary to the success of the Church?

CHILDREN OF INFIDEL PARENTS.

BY REV. ASA BULLARD.

There was a family of parents and five children who resided in a remote section of the town of M. Infidelity had long exerted a baneful influence on the minds of the parents, and it doubtless infused more or less of its poison into the minds of their children. For years they had neglected the sanctuary, and they never acknowledged God at the family altar.

Had no other than parental influence been exerted upon those children, how

dread must have been their prospects for eternity! How almost certain, as they came forward in life, that they would have cherished and openly avowed the sentiments, and followed the example of their parents! What parent can contemplate his influence for weal or for woe, upon the future destinies of his offspring, without exclaiming, "Who is sufficient for these things?"

Through the influence of several benevolent persons—who, surely, will not lose their reward—those children were induced to attend the evening meetings in the centre of the town, where the Lord was reviving His work. All these five children—a son and four daughters—and the mother were hopefully converted, and the children soon after made a public profession of their faith in Christ.

What an encouragement for Christians now, in this time of such general interest in regard to revivals of religion, to seek out those who are wandering in paths of error and sin, and bring them to the sanctuary; to "go into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in." Let us not pass any by as too hardened and wicked for the grace of God to subdue and save.

## The Family.

IN THE STORM.

BY META E. B. THORNE.

The night is wild and dark  
Above the stormy sea,  
Where to rest or fisher barque  
Is tossing ceaselessly.

Yet one with shining brow,  
Amid the billows' roar,  
Lies asleep beside the prow;  
And now as hope is o'er,  
They call with trembling fear,  
"O Jesus, Master, save!"  
The Saviour bends His gracious ear,  
Gratefully the boon they crave.

He riseth from His sleep,  
He speaketh, "Peace, be still!"  
Oh, mighty power! Oh, wonder deep!  
The storm obeys His will.  
After these words, like balm  
Upon the troubled sea,  
There falls a mighty, restful calm,  
And doubts and terrors flee.

Again upon the waves  
This fragile barque is tossed;  
No hope of rescue! Who will save?  
"We're lost!" they cry, "we're lost!"  
When, lo! upon the sea,  
Walking the waves' dark crest,  
Cometh a Form of majesty,  
Their fears are laid at rest.

O'er life's dark sea sail;  
Around my fragile barque  
Gathers the tempest, howls the gale,  
And stormy night hangs dark;  
Temptation's storms are nigh,  
And I am sore afraid;  
While dark afflictions hide the sky,  
Oh, where can I find aid?

O night, and sea, and storm,  
O storm and restless sea,  
Across thy waves a heavenly Form  
Cometh to comfort me!  
He whispers, "Peace, be still!"  
The restless winds obey,  
They heed as of yore His will,  
And night becomes like day.

O Master, Saviour, King,  
What power is in Thy word!  
Ruler of earth, Thy praise we sing,  
We hail Thee heaven's Lord!

## THE DONATION PARTY AT WILLOWBROOK.

So many confused and contradictory rumors have been circulated about that last donation party that I (who have heard the whole story from my friend and neighbor, Miss Mix) would like to give the world a plain, unvarnished account of the whole festivity.

Let me, then, introduce my informant, Miss Melissa Mix, spinster, owning to forty, moderately well-endowed with this world's goods, housekeeper and care-taker for her only brother Ralph, some years her senior, both of them prominent members of the Willowbrook Church—and thus heralded, she shall tell you the story she told me:

"Of course we can't give our minister much of a salary, you know, Miss Harwood; but we've always calculated to get a man whose heart wasn't set on filthy lucre, as the 'Postle says."

"I must own we hadn't had much success, for, would you believe it? out of five candidates that preached here the year we built the church, not one was willing to stay and do the Lord's work."

"Why, there's only about sixty families in our Church, and it was settled that first winter that six dollars a family would be a fair tax, making' nigh onto four hundred a year, you see; yet it's wonderful what trouble we've had to get a pastor."

"Brother Ralph thought that maybe if we had a parsonage it would help us; so he and the other trustees bought that nice little cottage where Miss Gray used to live, with a whole lot of land belongin' to it; but, law! twa'n't of no use; none of 'em staid the year out; and I was clean discouraged."

"When Mr. Ormsby came, nigh on three years ago, he seemed more reasonable than the rest, though he asked if we couldn't furnish part of the parsonage for him, as they was only new beginners, and hadn't much house-keepin' stuff."

"Well, the ladies was sowed pleased with him that they took right hold of the work (he was to come back in a fortnight) and got lots of things together."

"There was a handsome pin cushion made for each of the bedrooms—and half a dozen tidies for the parlor, and a case for his shavin' paper, and all sent in the first week."

"You've heard him preach, Miss Harwood, and you know how interestin' he was, and what a beautiful reader and singer, too. Why, I declare, I

took real comfort goin' to church and sittin' under such preachin'; and so we all did, I'm sure."

"But I was tellin' you about what we gave him. Well, Deacon Stiles's daughter Sally made a drawin' of the church, and framed it in pine cones, to hang in Mr. Ormsby's study, and the deacon he sent us a cookin' stove, out of his own kitchen. He'd just bought a new one for Miss Stiles, and he come over and put it up himself, which I thought was uncommon kind."

"Then we took up a contribution to buy some furniture, but ready money was scarce just then, so we only raised enough to get a pair of chiny vases and an inkstand."

"But Silas Hart, that sold 'em to us, was one of our members, so he threw in a chiny dog for the baby, and a match-box for the parson's wife."

"Miss Jones and Uncle Midian sent in a new painted bedstead and a kitchen table, and so I told Ralph I'd give 'em a couple of kitchen chairs and our cradle, the one we was both rocked in. So I did, and I pieced a real handsome little quilt for the cradle, a sunflower pattern, all out of spick and span new calico, too."

"Well, it's 'most too bad to tell, but Mandy Jones, who went to help Miss Ormsby git to rights, told me that she did act dreadful, and not a bit becomin' a minister's wife."

"She went all round the house lookin' as if she was ready to cry, and at last she sot down in the parlor on her trunk, and began to laugh at the vases and the inkstand, and then wound up by findin' fault with the stove, which she said looked as if it came out of the ark."

"I've always thought she made her husband discontented, for Mr. Ormsby was such a meek, quiet, unselfish man that he never would have made any trouble if she hadn't been always complainin' and puttin' him up to grumble."

"But I'm wanderin' off from my story—I started to tell you about the donation party. You see, the first year we got along splendid with it, and I must say I never saw a better tea-table spread than we set that night for Miss Ormsby."

"But that woman never could be satisfied, and she said afterward that it wouldn't take more than two such parties to ruin any family!"

"It seems she found fault because we all staid to tea with 'em, just as if we hadn't a right to our tea after sendin' in all the victuals for it."

"But I don't know as Aunt Betsy did do exactly right, for she took Miss Ormsby's preserves to put on the table, and they was all eat that night, and I s'pose that put her out some."

"Well, as I was sayin', the second year come round, and it was read out in meetin' that the donation party would be given the next Friday."

"Mr. Ormsby read the notice, and then he looked all around and cleared his throat two or three times, as if he had somethin' pertickler to say, but after waitin' a minute he changed his mind and sat down."

"I thought he acted kinder queer, but I was quite taken up with noticin' Miss Ormsby. She got as red as could be, and when meetin' was dismissed she jest hurried out as if she didn't want any one to speak to her."

"Well, Friday came, and by three o'clock we was mostly all at the parsonage. Mr. Ormsby looked dreadful sober, more as if it was a funeral than a merry-makin'; I must say; but his wife was as awful. She was jest as huffy, and short as she could be with every one, and she went and locked the study door and put the key in her pocket right before us, as if she was afraid we'd touch some of Mr. Ormsby's papers or books."

"Bimeby we began to think about settin' the table; so Aunt Betsy, Mandy Jones, and me went out in the kitchen to unpack the contributions. There was some pertaters and turnips (them we put in the sullen), a piece of corned beef, two or three billed hams, a pot of butter, some apple sass, a big cheese, and such a lot of biscuits it would have taken all night to count 'em."

"I began to be seart when we took out painful after painful of biscuit, and no cake to speak of. At last we come to Miss Jones's basket, and there we found lection cake, as well as a great batch of molasses cookies."

"I was glad enough I'd sent pound-cake and crullers; but somehow when the table was ready, there was more biscuits on it than anythin' else, though we did the best we could."

"Mr. Johnson sent tea and coffee from his store, besides sugar and crackers; and Amos Hull he brought a bag of nuts and some apples for the young folks after supper, he said."

"There was so many there that we had to divide 'em into three lots, the dinin'-room bein' small; and it was 'most seven o'clock when they got through eatin'."

"Aunt Betsy staid with me to clear up some; and I thought I never should get all the biscuits put away, for they 'most filled the pantry."

"For all there had been so many eaten, yet there was piles and piles left, and as Aunt Betsy said, they wouldn't need to bake for a month to come."

"It happened so that I didn't go out much the week after the donation party, but the second Sunday after, I started off good and early for church, and as I turned the corner by the parsonage, I saw somethin' that 'most took my breath away. Every one of them sharp-pointed pickets round the house and garden had a good biscuit stuck right atop of it! Yes, Miss Harwood, jest as sure as you live, there was Aunt Betsy's nice raised biscuits—I could tell 'em by the shape—and

Miss Hull's rusks, and Miss Stiles's soda biscuit, and every one of 'em wasted in that shameful way."

"Well, I stood and looked—I hadn't the strength to move—and pretty soon some of the ladies came along and jined me; and there we all stood till the last bell began to ring, talkin' the matter over, and feelin' pretty mad, I can tell you."

"Mr. Ormsby had a good sermon that day, but I could hardly bear a word, my mind was so full of the biscuits."

"Miss Ormsby warn't there, and as soon as the last hymn was sung, he got up and said that he had had a call from a Church in the far West, and that he had made up his mind that it was his duty to accept it. He went on to say that he would like to go that same week, and then, without so much as tellin' us that he was sorry to leave us, or offerin' to wait until we could get some one else, he gave the benediction and dismissed us."

"I can tell you there was talk enough when we got out that mornin', and some of the folks thought we ought to 'p'int a committee to ask Miss Ormsby about it, but brother Ralph said, 'No; if they was goin', let 'em go peaceable; so they all agreed to say nothin' at all."

"We heard afterward from little Johnny Hall, who was playin' near the parsonage late on Saturday afternoon, that Mr. Ormsby he brought the biscuits out in a big basket, and then Miss Ormsby she helped him to stick them on the pickets, and she laughed all the time as if it was a good joke."

"I don't want to judge any body, but I never did think that woman was fit for a minister's wife, and I don't think so now."

"Well, they moved off, bag and baggage, on Wednesday of that week, and we've never heard from Mr. Ormsby since, and I don't know as we want to, seem' he hurt our feelin's so, though we've never found as good a preacher as he was, and never will."

And this was Miss Melissa's story.—Mrs. E. T. CORBETT, in Harper's Magazine for November.

## NO TIME TO PRAY.

No time to pray!  
Oh, who so fraught with earthly care  
As not to give to humble prayer  
Some part of day?

No time to pray!  
What heart so clean, so pure within,  
That needeth not some check from sin—  
Needs not to pray?

No time to pray!  
Mid each day's danger, what retreat  
More needful than the mercy-seat?  
Who need not pray?

No time to pray!  
Must care or business' urgent call  
So press us as to take it all,  
Each passing day?

No time to pray!  
Then sure your record falleth short;  
Excuse will fill you as resort  
On that last day.

What thought more dear  
Than that our God His face should hide  
And say, through all life's swelling tide,  
No time to hear!

Cease not to pray;  
On Jesus as your only ally.  
Would you live happy—happy die?  
Take time to pray.

## THE CHICKEN'S TRIUMPH.

BY ALICE W. QUIMBY.

It would make your eyes sparkle just to look upon the wide old farm-house that sits proudly on a lovely hill-side in New Hampshire, like a queen on her radiant throne, rejoicing in the wealth and beauty of her dominion.

Uncle Nathan, with his vigilant allies, is prime minister here, where all the days are as gala-days, and life is glad and free.

Cattle and sheep sun themselves in these broad pastures, and appear as happy as is becoming to their good fortune; nice-looking horses await their master's call and come at his bidding; and even the smooth-sided pigs in their airy, commodious dwellings seem to enjoy life better than the woe of pigs. Sweet little birds make the air musical as they flash about in their errands of love, or rest among the branches of the grand old trees. But of all the forms of life that reveal here, none seem better suited than the feathered folk, who pick and scratch their way from chickenhood to henhood as if it were quite worth their while to live and grow—as, indeed, it is, since this is the end of their creation.

Nor are their lives without event, from the time when, as little downy balls, they begin to follow the mamma bird, wherever her protecting "cluck, cluck," calls them, to the time when they are large enough to take care of themselves; up through the trials and triumphs of dawnin' maturity, till they can crow as lustily as the proudest rooster that ever curved his neck, or outwitted the poultry-maid as cunningly as the wisest madam hen that ever hid a nest from her prying eyes.

In the corner of the snug henry, a certain biddy awoke one bright morning in spring to the delicious sound of a soft peeping under her wings; and by-and-by she led out a noisy train of fluffy nestlings.

In a cosy home, fitted up on purpose, this matron established with her promising family, and here they lived in harmony and love. But, as the younglings grew apace, there was a marked difference in their features and dispositions—a difference plain to everybody but themselves, for they always treated each other as loving brothers and sisters, most of the time.

Most of this family were possessed of lithic, graceful bodies and long, broad

wings, well-suited to help them over every difficulty and lift them above every danger; but one luckless sister, plump and comely though she was, had only wings that seemed meant for ornaments, for, very pretty though they were, the stubby things were sorry aids to her clumsy locomotion.

The more fortunate ones, however, never took any advantage of their less gifted sister, while she never suspected there was anything left to be desired in her graces or endowments, till, at last, after the manner of chickens, they began to despise the humble lodgings where they had been cuddled in babyhood, and aspired to a loftier position, more in keeping with their growing importance.

This suggestion brought trouble to the hitherto peaceful family, for modest lady Bramah shrank from making herself so conspicuous, and would have greatly preferred more lowly quarters. But majorities rule, and the ambitious Leghorns established themselves in a neighboring tree, quite regardless of the comfort of their unassuming sister. A division of the family was not to be thought of, however, and after a few failures the lone chick gained a footing among them. It is sometimes a great deal better to yield than to dispute one's rights.

All went well for a little while, but before long these vain Leghorns espied a higher branch which, for some reason known only to themselves, seemed more desirable, and to this they betook themselves.

Alas, for poor chicky Bramah! With what feelings she saw them mount to their sky-loft of a bedroom we never can even surmise, but her grief and dismay were pitiful. Like an affectionate and loyal sister she tried to follow them, darting about on the ground from one side of the tree to the other in the vain hope of finding the same stairway by which they ascended; always baffled in the search, yet as often trying again, round and round, with eyes strained and head outstretched till it seemed as if her little neck must ache with the exertion. Now springing upon a neighboring rock, then mounting a pile of rubbish, only to be disappointed; and more than once she clutched at a drooping limb but fell back with a heavy thud. Poor chick!

A long time she kept up her fruitless efforts, like a chicken of one idea, trying every way that her small brain could devise to accomplish her object. At last, when she had fully shown her right to the highest seat among the feathered tribe, a kind hand brought aid, and, mustering all her courage, the goal was reached.

An excellent lesson the patient, resolute chicken has set us—an excellent lesson which we ought to study carefully, for the world has great need of this courageous, painstaking spirit. It was very refreshing to see such an example of perseverance in the midst of overwhelming difficulties, and it is even more pleasing to see boys and girls as energetic and resolute.

An old proverb tells us "there is never any gain without pains," and since life is full of discouragements, it is needful that we meet them bravely, beating them back with the magic watchword, "Try again;" rising above them on the strong breath of earnest, tireless effort. Looking steadfastly toward the goal of laudable ambition, as did this Bramah chicken, our lesson teaches us to seek as persistently to reach it, undaunted by repeated failures.

Thanks to the honest chick for this example of perseverance! When we are disheartened, and about to give up, we will think of her and take courage, remembering there is no highway to success but by the rugged path of patient, determined effort.

We see, also, the beauty of fraternal devotion, and seeing it we will give heed to our lives that they are enriched by its tender promptings, never forgetting the moral of this story from real life.

"Prayer-meeting and lecture as usual, on Wednesday evening, in the lecture-room. Dear brethren, I urge you all to attend these weekly meetings. Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together."

Some of the "dear brethren" departed themselves in this way:—

Brother A. thought it looked like rain, and concluded that his family including himself, of course, had better remain at home. On Thursday evening it was raining very hard, and the same Brother A. hired a carriage and took his whole family to the Academy of Music, to hear Mr. Agassiz lecture on the "Intelligence of the Lobster."

Brother B. thought he was too tired to go, so he stayed at home, and worked at the sled he had promised to make for Billy.

Sister C. thought the pavements were too slippery. It would be very dangerous for her to venture out. I saw her next morning going down the street to get her old bonnet "done up." She had an old pair of stockings drawn over her shoes.

Sister D. thought there wouldn't be more than a dozen people at prayer-meeting. She doesn't like those little meetings, so she didn't go. If she had gone, there would have been thirteen. I met her next evening at a social gathering, where there were just ten folks. She said she had spent a delightful evening.

Brother E. thought he might be called upon to lead in prayer, or make some remarks. He stayed at home. Next day he went around with a petition, praying Congress to repeal the tax on beeswax. His name headed the list of petitioners, and he spoke eloquently, and waxed warm as he urged his reasons in favor of repeal.

Three-fourths of the members stayed at home. God was at the prayer-meeting. The pastor was there. One-fourth of the members were there, and God blessed them. The persons who stayed at home were each represented by a vacant seat. God don't bless empty seats.—







